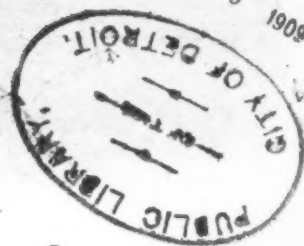


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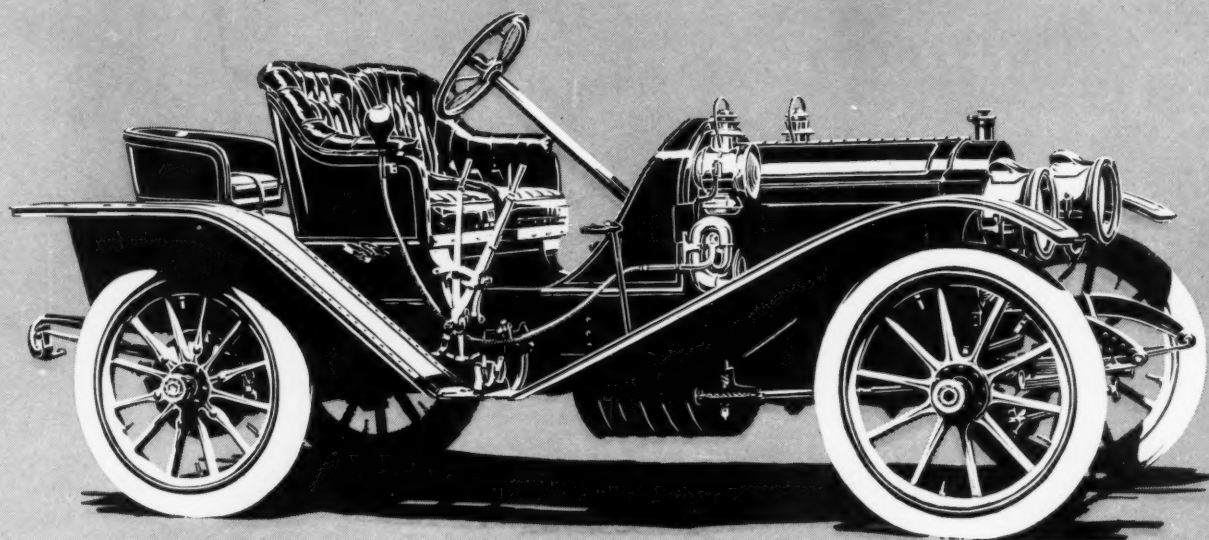
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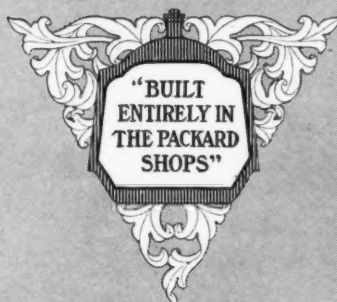
Packard

"EIGHTEEN" 1909

THE TOWN CAR



The Packard Eighteen Runabout



Packard Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan

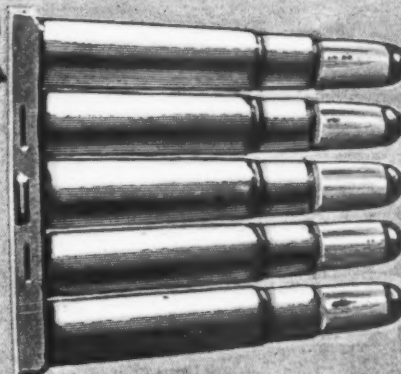
GOING INTO AFRICA



"BIG ENOUGH
for the
BIGGEST GAME"
FIVE KNOCK-DOWN BLOWS

THE
Remington
AUTOLOADING RIFLE

LOADS WITH
A CLIP



UMC

**BIG GAME
CARTRIDGES**
STANDARD THE WORLD OVER

Break the Endless Chain of Tire Adjustments



When you get only the guaranteed mileage out of a tire, you pay the *very top price* for tire service; when you get less mileage you pay the *very top price*, *plus* the vexation of tire troubles and adjustments under the guarantee.

If, through continuous tire failure and the operation of the endless replacement chain, you find yourself tied to one make of tires—*regularly paying the guaranteed top price*—it's time for you to ignore the guarantee, break the chain and change to the superior service and economy of

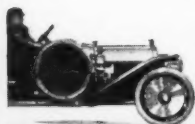
"Firestone" TIRES

The mileage due on your tire failure will be more than made up by Firestone *super-service*. Even with our policy of utmost fairness in guarantee matters, we are called upon for a *less* percentage of replacements than *any other* tire manufacturer. So much superior is the service of Firestone tires.

Firestone tires will never be made to compete in *price* with popular-priced tires; popular-priced tires will never be made to compete in *service and economy* with Firestone tires.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Branches and Agencies Almost Everywhere **AKRON, O.**

"Largest Exclusive Tire Makers in America."



NEW YORK, 233 West 58th St.; BOSTON, 145 Columbus Ave.; PHILADELPHIA, 256 N. Broad St.; CHICAGO, 1442 Michigan Ave.; ST. LOUIS, 3910 and 2230 Olive St.; DETROIT, 240-242 Jefferson Ave.; PITTSBURGH, 5904 Penn Ave.; LOS ANGELES, 957 S. Main St.; CLEVELAND, 1918, 1920, 1922 Euclid Ave.



He Got the Direction

But recently arrived, a shade bustled up to St. Peter.

"My good man," said he, "will you tell me where I must go to get souvenir postcards?"

And St. Peter, eying him sourly, told him where he could go to.—*Cleveland Leader*.

A DEAF but pious English lady visiting a small country town in Scotland, went to church armed with an ear-trumpet. The elders had never seen one, and viewed it with suspicion and uneasiness. After a short consultation, one of them went up to the lady, just before the opening of the services, and wagging his finger at her warningly, whispered: "One toot, and ye're oot!"—*Woman's Journal*.



SEARCHING FOR THE MISSING LINK

It Might Have Been

Jenny Kissed Me

(If It Had Been Written by Doctor Pasteur Instead of by Mr. Leigh Hunt)

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in—
But I knew I would not get
Anything described in Latin.
Flavored with formaldehyde
Were her lips that almost missed me,
And with listerine beside—
Jenny kissed me.

Jenny kissed me, as I say,
And it was not unexpected;
With a germicidal spray
Both her lips were disinfected.
Was I such a sorry rube?
No! She did it to assist me—
Ready with a culture tube,
Jenny kissed me!

—Saturday Evening Post.

Dress Reform Needed

Mrs. J. Gardiner Merritt, the sculptor, is very fond of illustrating the need of dress reform for women by the following experience:

"I heard a young man, a rather lazy young man, tell a pretty girl the other day that he envied woman her idleness, that he would like to have been born a woman.

"The girl, tossing her head and snorting, answered:

"You'd like to be a woman! Oh, yes! Just try it for a day! Fasten a blanket and counterpane 'round your legs; buckle a strap 'round your waist so tight you can't draw a full breath or eat a hearty meal; have your hair all loose and fluffy, so that it keeps tickling your ears and getting into your eyes; wear high-heeled shoes and gloves a size too small for you; cover your face with a veil full of spots, that make you squint; fix a huge hat on with pins, so that every time the wind blows it pulls your hair out by the roots; and then, without any pockets, and with a three-inch square of lace to blow your nose with, go for a walk and enjoy yourself. You would like it!"—*Judge*.

A Club Cocktail



is always a better cocktail than any made-by-guesswork drink can ever be. CLUB COCKTAILS are *mixed-to-measure*, delicious, fragrant, appetizing and always ready to serve.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whisky base) are the most popular.

Get a bottle from your dealer.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
HARTFORD New York London





TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir:—If a person in a Christian Science Church fainted away and fell to the floor, as stated recently in an article entitled "The Decay in Anxiety," and "several people looked around but no one offered to help," these people were acting contrary not only to the teaching of Christian Science but of common decency.

Christian Scientists are not as a rule lacking in a sense of humor, nor do they object to a good joke even at their own expense, but the persistent habit of willful and malicious misrepresentation expressed in statements such as the above are unworthy of a publication of the standing of LIFE. To a sick man disease is far from imagination or "an error of mortal mind," and no rational Christian Scientist would be guilty of withholding from such a one the utmost tenderness and consideration.

I hope LIFE will admit this communication to their columns. Very respectfully,

J. V. DITMORE,

Christian Science Committee on Publication
for the State of New York.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1909.

From an Englishman

QUEBEC GARRISON CLUB

11-IV. '09.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Re page 502, why not give us a humorous number—for a real change.

Faithfully yours,

E. P. WINSHIP.

Droll

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir:—It is droll that a publication as generally sensible as LIFE should support such an absurd, over-baked fad as anti-vivisection.

Respectfully yours,

J. V. WEEDEN.

SANFORD, FLA., March 4.



THE ONE BEST PRICE



Send for Catalogue AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES

Our 1909 catalogue of automobile accessories, No. 422, is the most complete book of its kind ever issued. It contains one hundred and fifty pages, illustrating and describing Supplies of real merit with all experiment left out.

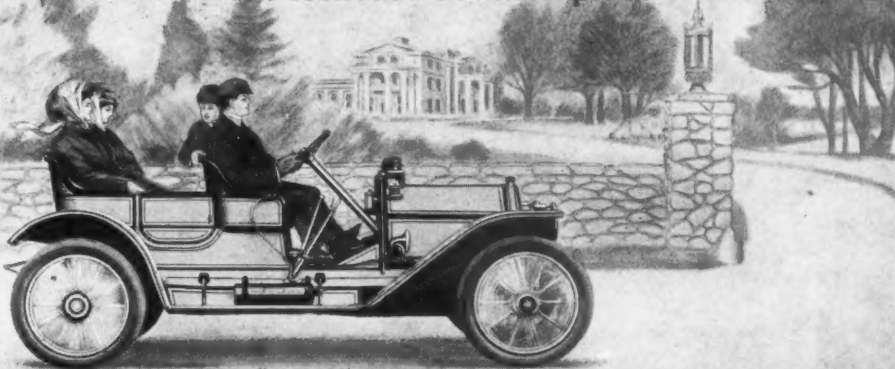
These are Sample Prices

Lamp Sets, two 7-inch Bullet Headlights and Generator complete.....	\$10.00
Lamp Sets, two 7-inch Searchlights and Generator complete.....	12.50
Square Tail Lamps, 4 x 4 1/2" Rubylight, each.....	2.50
Square Side Lamps, 12 inches high, pair.....	5.00
Battery Boxes, enameled, metal with lock, each.....	3.00
Eight-day Clocks, 4-inch Porcelain dial, each.....	4.75
Barrett Jacks, lift a ton, each.....	1.50
Leather Tool Rolls, extra fine quality, each.....	2.00

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THE MARMON

A Mechanical Masterpiece



"Thirty-Two" Suburban, \$2400

Service, Not Sensation

There is but one way to attain the durability and constant reliability which are the very foundation of motor car value.

Fifty years of experience in manufacturing the highest grade of machinery have taught us the necessity of designing and manufacturing from the ground up.

It is this thoroughness of construction which has given the Marmon its fame for mechanical excellence, ideal service and length of life.

With all doubt about these vital attributes eliminated, the Marmon "Thirty-two" presents a notable value to the buyer who looks ahead.

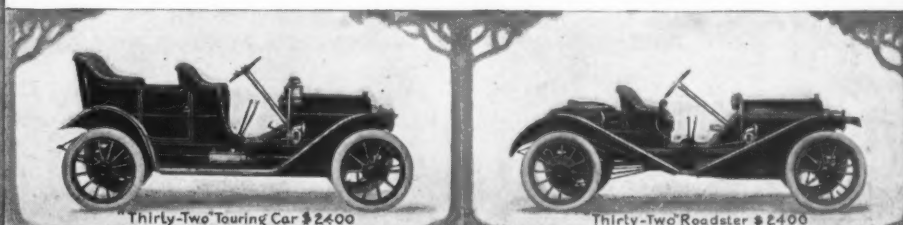
MOTOR, 4 cyl., 4 1/2 x 4 1/2, water-cooled. 32-40 H. P. Three point support. IGNITION, Bosch H. T. Magneto, dual system. LUBRICATION, Marmon system of automatic force feed through hollow crankshaft. DRIVE, straight line shaft. Selective transmission and rear axle one compact unit, very accessible. Large brakes, effective and very durable. MATERIALS, absolutely the best of everything, including Krupp and Chrome Nickel Steels. Hess-Bright imported ball bearings. TIRES, Q. D., 34 x 4. WHEEL BASE, 112 in. WEIGHT, 2100 lbs. EQUIPMENT, complete and high-class. BODIES, sheet metal. Touring car seats five; Suburban (detachable tonneau) seats four; Roadster seats two, three or four. Also furnished as Coupe or Limousine Town Car.

Marmon "Fifty" (Seven Passengers), 50-60 H.P., \$3,750

Nordyke & Marmon Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Standard Mfrs.
A.M.C.M.A.

Established
1851



"Thirty-Two" Touring Car \$2400

"Thirty-Two" Roadster \$2400

The Easiest Riding Car In The World

Street Primer

Who is the man Standing in the Door?
The man is an Auctioneer.
What is an Auctioneer?
An Auctioneer is a man who Sells you Something you don't Want cheaper than you could Get it somewhere else for Nothing.
What is the Auctioneer saying?
The Auctioneer is saying, "Comeingents and don'tstandin the doorwayandblockitup how much amIofferedforthis importedvase itcostonehundred dollars IsayONEHUNDREDDOLLARS gimmea dollar gimmeadollargimmeadollar going goinggoneatfiftycentsyoufellersmakemeSICK!"

Doesn't the Auctioneer speak English?
Yes, the Auctioneer speaks Auction-English. It is a Language you can't Understand until you have been Stung.
How can the Auctioneer Live and Lose so Much Money?
The Auctioneer Lives because other People Lose so much Money.
(P. S.—As a talking Mechanical device the Auctioneer has the Phonograph beaten to a Spring Rug.)—*Boston Herald.*

WOMAN is always searching for the perfect man; man for the imperfect woman.

The
Best
Cocoa
of them
All



Suits All
Tastes
—
Easy to
Make

Maillard's Breakfast Cocoa differs from all others. Made from selected beans by special process, retaining the full flavor and strength. The most easily digested and nourishing of all food drinks. Especially recommended for invalids and children, and strengthening for all.

Maillard's Vanilla Chocolate. The Vanilla bean *only* is used for flavoring. Pure and delicious.

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The unique Luncheon Restaurant is a popular resort for Ladies. Afternoon tea from 3 to 6

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AVENUE

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NEW YORK

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STREET

Bonbons, Fancy Cakes, French Bonbonnières

A Directoire Frock

Long languid lines unbroken by a frill,
Superfluous festoons reduced to *nil*.
A figure like a seal reared up on end,
And poking forward with a studied bend;

A shortish neck imprisoned in a ruff,
Skin-fitting sleeves that show a stint of stuff,
A waist promoted half-way up the back,
And not a shred that's comfortably slack;

A multitude of buttons, row on row,
Not there for business—merely made for show,
A skirt whose meagre gores necessitate
The waddle of a Chinese lady's gait;

A "busby" toque extinguishing the hair
As if a giant hand had crushed it there—
Behold the latest mode! and write beneath,
"A winter blossom bursting from its 'sheath,'"—
—Punch.



A DOMINO PARTY

Even So

They had been married just a month when he lost his position, and during the next eighteen months he jumped rapidly from one thing to another without being at all successful at anything.

By this time, of course, her trousseau was getting frayed around the bottom and rusty around the top; and the hope which she had been entertaining that she would some day be the possessor of some new gowns had become a sort of a permanent hope, as far as she could see, or, in fact, as far as they both could see together.

"Elizabeth," he said one day, "do you think marriage is a failure?"

"Failure!" she said scornfully. "It's a panic!"—Lippincott's.

In the Spring

"Why do you run your car so slowly these days?"

"With everybody carrying home garden tools you can't run over a man without risking a puncture."—Pittsburg Post.

St. Moritz-Bad, Upper Engadine, Switzerland.

6000 FEET ABOVE SEA.

Renowned High-Alpine Health Resort, with excellent Iron Mineral Waters, Mineral Baths, Hydrotherapy.

Terminus of the world-famous Albula Railway.

SEASON from June 1st to September 30th.

For Spring and Late Season,
Considerably Reduced Prices.

Lawn-Tennis. Golf Links. The Guests of the under-named Establishments are entitled to attend all Soirées, Concerts, &c. of the 4 Hotels.

ROUTES:—(a) via Basle-Zurich-Chur-husis and the Albula Railway; (b) Lindau-Chur-husis; (c) via Landeck-Schuls-Tarasp or Stilsferjoch and Bernina Pass by Diligence; (d) by Diligence via Chiavenna-Maloja.

Ask for latest Prospectus No. 14, sent gratis and post-free on application to the following Hotels:—

Hotels:—KURHAUS—NEUES STAHLBAD—VICTORIA—DU LAC.

RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office LONDON - WASHINGTON - OTTAWA

THE SECRETARY OF STATE

28

Then up spake Philander C. Knox,
"I'm a sport you can bet your socks,
It's true what they say
With 'RAD-BRIDGE' I play,
It's better than playing with stox."

His Fixed Income

A Southern Congressman who formerly practiced law in Mississippi tells of an amusing case he once tried in that State. He was then a student in the office of his uncle, a Col. Martin, who figured in local politics.

The main figure in the trial was a lazy dorky named Dick Sutton, arrested at the instance of his wife, who alleged that he contributed nothing to her support and refused to work.

During the examination of Sutton the young lawyer asked:

"Dick, have you any fixed income?"

Sutton was puzzled by the term. Counsel explained that the expression meant a certainty, money paid not for odd jobs, but for steady employment; in other words, a compensation at stated intervals on which one could absolutely rely.

Upon the conclusion of counsel's remarks, the dorky's face brightened.

"I think I has a fixed income, sah," said he.

"And what is this fixed income?" was the next question.

"Well, sah," answered Dick, with a broad grin in the direction of Col. Martin, "de Colonel dere allers give me fo' dollars an' a sack o' flour on 'lection day!"—*Tit-Bits*.

As Far as He Would Go

SHE (after the tiff): You will admit you were wrong?

HE (a young lawyer): No; but I'll admit that an unintentional error might have unknowingly crept into my assertion.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

Dow Tubes

WILL TAKE YOU OUT
and BRING YOU BACK

on well inflated tires, regardless
of the punctures you may
get on the road.



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Dow Tire Company

2000 Broadway 893 Boylston St.
NEW YORK BOSTON

Dealers Everywhere



Locomobile

90 MILES AN HOUR ON THE JERICHO TURNPIKE

The 90 h.p. Locomobile with Robertson driving, winning the International Race for the Vanderbilt Cup. The peculiar elliptical shape of the front wheels in the photograph shows the tremendous speed of the car. Even though the exposure was only one-two-thousands of a second the shutter could not move fast enough from the bottom of the plate to the top to avoid the ellipticity of the front wheels. 12 Post Card views of race sent for 10 cents; Beautiful 11-color poster suitable for framing, 10 cents.

Locomobile MODELS FOR 1909 ARE AS FOLLOWS

The New "30" \$3500.—A five passenger car. The name **LOCOMOBILE** guarantees superiority in design of shaft drive construction.

The Famous "40" — \$4500
A seven passenger family car.
A logical model for those who want high power.

The Locomobile Company of America; Bridgeport, Conn.
NEW YORK — PHILADELPHIA — CHICAGO — BOSTON



"AND THIS, WILLIAM, IS THE OLD TOWN PUMP"

Marvelous Improvement

He was very little. Learning to skate seemed to him difficult. On the first occasion that he trusted himself on the ice he fell down no less than forty-one times by actual count.

Next day he caused roars of laughter when he appeared at home dripping from head to foot and covered with snow, by announcing proudly, as soon as he was inside the front door:

"Fell down only thirty-seven times!"—*The Wasp*.

THE POET: Is there a literary club in this vicinity?

THE EDITOR (reaching behind the desk): There is. Are you literary?—*Cleveland Leader*.



To every out-door hobby, to every delight of nature, to the very Spirit of Spring itself, there is an added charm for those who

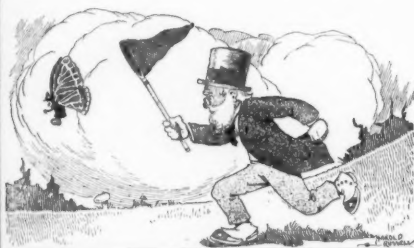
KODAK

Not merely for the sake of the moment's pleasure, but even more for the pleasure in the years that follow, the Kodak is worth while. And it's all so simple now that anybody can make good pictures. Kodak, you know, means photography with the bother left out.

KODAKS, \$5.00 to \$100.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.,
The Kodak City.

1909 Catalogue at your dealers or by mail.



Mrs. Bytterfly: DEAR ME! THAT OLD FLIRT'S BEEN FOLLOWING ME FOR THREE BLOCKS. I DO HOPE MY ERDINAND WON'T SEE US; HE MIGHT DO SOMETHING ASH.

OVER 500,000 VACCINATED

Rigid Sanitary Rules in Guatemala on Account of Prevalence of Smallpox

NEW ORLEANS.—In consequence of the widespread prevalence of smallpox in Guatemala, President Cabrera has issued regulations requiring vaccination and the most rigid sanitary rules ever put in effect in any country. All persons are required to be vaccinated in fifteen days under penalty of fine or imprisonment.

DEAR LIFE: I have clipped with shudders of pity and disgust the above news from yesterday's *Sun*. Can you do nothing to save the ignorant Guatemalans from their miserable fate? What is a few million cases of smallpox in the bush to 500,000 actual vaccinations in the hand (or leg or arm)! A good many would get over smallpox, but vaccination will make diseased and miserable wrecks of those whom it does not exterminate.

Dear LIFE, do please get on the job of saving these poor people. There are more of them than were shaken down at Messina, and their fate is awfuller.

Yours,
CARITA.

The Story of Esaw Wood

Esaw Wood sawed wood.
Esaw Wood would saw wood!
All the wood Esaw Wood saw Esaw Wood would saw. In other words, all the wood Esaw saw to saw Esaw sought to saw.

Oh, the wood Wood would saw! And oh, the wood-saw with which Wood would saw wood.

But one day Wood's wood-saw would saw no wood, and thus the wood Wood sawed was not the wood Wood would saw if Wood's wood-saw would saw wood.

Now, Wood would saw wood with a wood-saw that would saw wood, so Esaw sought a saw that would saw wood.

One day Esaw saw a saw saw wood as no other wood-saw Wood saw would saw would.

In fact, of all the wood-saws Wood ever saw saw wood Wood never saw a wood-saw that would saw wood as the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood would saw wood, and I never saw a wood-saw that would saw as the wood-saw Wood saw would saw until I saw Esaw Wood saw wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood.

Now Wood saws wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood.

Oh, the wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw!

Oh, the wood Wood's woodshed would shed when Wood would saw wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood!

Finally, no man may ever know how much wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw, if the wood-saw Wood saw would saw all the wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw.—W. E. Southwick, in *Woman's Home Companion*.

Those who marry in haste frequently find that they have no leisure for repentance.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Sterling Tires

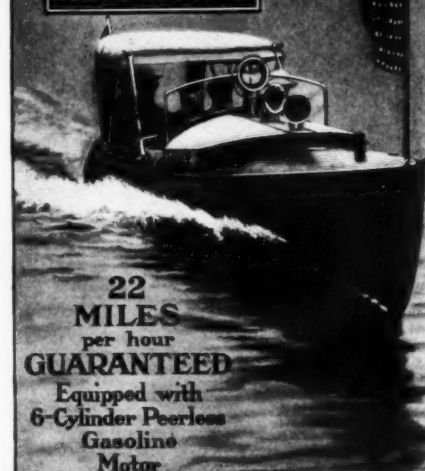
Each Sterling Tire is built as an individual job. Each layer of fabric and rubber is inspected before the next one goes on. Each tire is inspected from 8 to 12 times before it goes into stock. Each tire maker gets a premium for perfect work. Each tire is guaranteed.

Sterling Blue Tubes

are absolutely superior to any other and we say that and back it without reservation. "Ask us why they're blue."

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22
MILES
per hour
GUARANTEED
Equipped with
6-Cylinder Peerless
Gasoline
Motor

WHEN BUYING A MOTOR BOAT

The First Thing to Consider
Is the Builders' Reputation.

Your comfort, and even your safety, as well as ultimate economy, depend upon the builders' integrity and experience.

We operate one of the largest boat building establishments in the world, design and build every type and size of pleasure craft, either gasoline or electric.

ELCO-PEERLESS GASOLINE EXPRESS LAUNCHES

"Will serve you on water as the automobile does on land."

This is the only pleasure boat which guarantees a speed of 22 miles an hour combined with safety and comfort. Think of it! A luxurious launch equipped with wicker chairs and divan seat, protected by cape cart hood and wind shield, and all this while driving through the water at the phenomenal speed of 22 miles per hour. Not a racing machine. The engine is the ever reliable PEERLESS AUTO-MARINE MOTOR made by the Peerless Motor Car Co. of Cleveland, Ohio.

30 ft. Launch 4-cyl. Peerless Gasoline Engine, speed 20m.
35 ft. Launch 6-cyl. Peerless Gasoline Engine, speed 22m.

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Safe, Reliable, Noiseless.

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Ferry, C. R. R. of N. J.
Chicago Show Rooms: 1205 Michigan Ave.



THE WHITE GIRL'S BURDEN

A Boy's Essay on "Health"

"Health" is a term that just recently came into use. In the days of Methuselah, such a thing was never known. That is the reason that people lived so long. Methuselah never saw a bathtub, never heard of deep breathing, ate twelve meals a day, and fourteen on Sunday, slept with the double windows on summer and winter and could tell the merits of every brand of whiskey and tobacco with his gloves on.

Who wants to have good health, anyway? The healthy man lives a monotonous existence. No one ever asks how he is; he gets no sympathy; the doctors treat him with contempt; to the druggist he is a stranger, and from him receives only a cool nod; he is an unwelcome guest at afternoon teas, as he has no physical possessions of which he can boast; he sits dumb before his neighbors, some of whom can trace rheumatism through fourteen generations of ancestors, while others have the most up-to-date variety of Head Ache to be found in the Social Calendar.

The healthy man cannot get rid of his hair. Even when he has a cross wife, the hair returns with the most amazing rapidity after every pulling. Think of the distinction of a little bald spot on the crown of the head! The man who has never enjoyed the pleasure of drawing his palm over such a spot has missed one of the most enjoyable sensations of which the human frame is capable.

The healthy man does not know how to smoke. The greatest thoughts in the world have been produced by the correct manipulation of the cigar. It must be held between the teeth just so. It must be allowed to go out at just the proper moment. One eye must be half closed, and the head tilted to the northeast at an angle of 72½ degrees. But no matter how definite the instructions, the healthy man cannot get the proper bite on the weed, or the tilt of the chin and the squint of the eye in the right order of occurrence.

The healthy man cannot brag of his capacity to store away mince pie at 11.55 p. m. without any black and blue taste in his mouth in the morning. That is his greatest weakness. Three courses at one meal is all he can do. If asked to join a party at a fifteen-course banquet, he turns pale with apprehension and doubt. He



A Million Dollar Tire Challenge

WE CHALLENGE every automobile owner now using

Diamond Tires

To buy and use one tire of any other make. Particularly, let the man who never used any but Diamond Tires, check up his experience—get first hand knowledge.

WE CHALLENGE every automobile owner not now using

Diamond Tires

To buy just one Diamond Tire—to put it on the right rear, the hardest place on his car, then check comparative tire results carefully and impartially.

A Million Dollars

For the aggregate saving in tire cost to Automobile Owners this year, as a result, is a low estimate. We are very earnest. We publish this advertisement in all seriousness and the utmost good faith. As an economic proposition every user of an automobile should make the test. Note the types we manufacture. Our book "Manual on Care of Tires," free, on request.

The DIAMOND RUBBER COMPANY

AKRON OHIO



pleads another engagement. He has a call by telegram to another city, and sometimes actually goes, thus being out in car fare nearly as much as his neighbors pay to the doctor to get their livers repaired.

To strive for health is a great error. The press, the pulpit and the school should combine against it. Think of the poor undertaker! He has a right to a fair show. Think of the poor druggist, with that heavy stock on which he has built hopes of clearing 300 per cent! Cruel is the man who would shatter such bright hopes. No, my readers, there are other more worthy fields where you can find room for your best efforts. Do not get healthy. You will always be sorry. It is difficult of cure when once acquired.

A Pair of Mottoes

"My motto," said the young physician, "is, 'Be sure you're right and then go ahead.'"
"And mine," rejoined the old doctor, "is, 'When in doubt, perform an operation.'"
—Wasp.

Protecting the Literary Belt

We understand that Senator Beveridge, in accordance with the unanimous wish of his constituents, has proposed to put a heavy tariff on historical novels.—Cleveland Leader.

He Was Too Cold for Her

"Agnes broke her engagement to Louis because he was too cold and indifferent."
"He doesn't strike me that way."
"He is, though. He said as long as they saw each other every day, he didn't see any need of their corresponding."—Lippincott's.

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PRIVATE CARS. GO WHERE YOU PLEASE.

Illustrated booklet free by post.

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Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

Custom and Ready-Made Garments for
Golf, Tennis, Polo, Fishing
and Yachting.

New designs in Mackintoshes for
Motor or Saddle work.

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(Founded 1715)



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LIQUEUR
BRANDIES**

GENUINE OLD
BRANDIES MADE
FROM WINE

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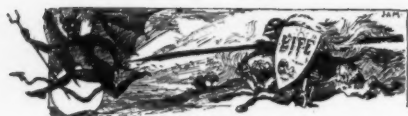
LIFE



MAGNANIMOUS

Infuriated Sportsman (showing bullet-punctured hat): YOU MANSLAUGHTERING YOUNG IMBECILE! DO YOU SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE?

"MY DEAR CHAP, IT'S *my* HAT YOU'VE BEEN SPORTING ALL DAY, AND IF I DON'T MIND, I DON'T SEE WHY YOU SHOULD."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LIII MAY 6, 1909 No. 1384

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.

LIFE goes to press leaving a number of proceedings unfinished. James Patten, the wheat bull, is not bankrupt yet, so far as generally known. We hope presently to record that he has gone the way of almost all persons who try to make the price of wheat rise higher than its source, but at present the newspapers announce nothing more catastrophic about him than that he has cut stick and run away, "pale, weak and in a highly nervous state," to a ranch in Colorado, 25 miles from a railroad, and with no telephone connection. He was in a hurry to get to the ranch, his ardor for rural quiet being finally precipitated, the papers say, by the arrival of a succession of infernal machines at his Chicago offices.

Of all the branches of the get-rich-quick and get-something-for-nothing games, the wheat corner seems the one that best deserves the avoidance of the judicious. It is the best hated, the hardest on the nerves, and, apparently, the most difficult to pull off. It seems also to be regarded as one of the wickedest, because of the great number of consumers that it lays for a time under tribute. The Wheat Pit has its own graveyard, whereof the population is so large, and the chief monuments so imposing that it would seem as if the last thing on earth that a shrewd man would try to hog would be wheat. Nevertheless, the attempt is made periodically, for gamblers are not really shrewd; not even Pat McCarren. The whole, great, something-for-nothing game is based on a wrong conception of what is profitable and how to get it. To fail in it brings obvious losses.

To win at it brings subtle and insidious revenges—false standards of all values, curious demoralization of character, and a kind of poison in the blood that is apt to curse succeeding generations of the successful gamblers' line.



OF Abdul Hamid also the status at this writing is uncertain. Abdul had been raising hob to the best of his practiced ability, had been trying to upset the new Turkish constitution, had stirred up, apparently, a religious outbreak in some of his back counties, and very serious massacres of Armenian Christians. Came the Turkish Parliament's army and captured Constantinople, and him with it, which must make it seem a wintry spring to him. But Abdul's neck is hard to stretch, and from his tight-rope throne it is curiously hard to shake down so able a performer as he is. As the head of the Mohammedan religion, he is a stick of dynamite that has to be handled with judgment. What Germany wants, and Austria, and Russia, and England have all to be considered when the rope is ready at whose end Abdul ought to dangle. Perhaps he will die in his bed after all, and hold what is left of his job till he dies. The important fact—it seems to be a fact—is that there is a new spirit abroad in Turkey, a spirit that understands the indispensable value of religious liberty, education and just government, and is trying to win those blessings for the mixed-up peoples of the Turkish Empire. And the new idea seems to be strong; strong enough to win; which is wonderful.



THAT the Roman Catholic Church should have got the better of Ambassador White in the matter of his daughter's marriage is not surprising. What is surprising is that Mr. White should have been surprised by it. He is a Protestant; his daughter was going to marry a French Catholic. Be-

sides the civil marriage and the Catholic marriage Mr. White wanted a Protestant marriage with the forms of the Episcopal Church. But the Roman Catholic Bishop having authority in the premises refused to grant a dispensation for the marriage, except on the usual terms, that there should be no religious ceremony, except the Catholic, and that all children that might be born of the union should be brought up Catholics. Our Ambassador, being refused his request for a supplementary Protestant marriage, announced that he would not go to the church wedding at all.

We are sorry for Mr. White. The Bishop had the advantage of position and used it, of course. Under the circumstances the Catholic marriage was indispensable, and the church could name its terms. But if Mr. White, his daughter and her prospective husband had been agreed that they would have the Protestant ceremony any how, and the Catholic ceremony if they could get it, they might, possibly, have got both. The Roman Catholic Church in marriage cases will go to the last extreme of threat or wile to get what it wants, but if it fails, will sometimes take what it can get. The only cases we know of in which a Protestant and a Catholic have been able to get themselves married by a Catholic priest on equitable terms, have been cases in which the parties to the marriage were agreed about the terms, and were ready to dispense with the services of the priest if he did not accept them.



AN exceedingly picturesque career came to an end on April 23, in the sudden death of Peter Fenelon Collier, the publisher. Mr. Collier was a wonderful man; almost as indefatigable in his activities as Mr. Roosevelt himself. He did an enormous amount of work, made a fortune by creditable means, and combined with his work more play than any successful business man we know of. His death at sixty indicates that he may have overtaxed his energies. But he got a great deal out of life that he liked—money, friendship, reputation and sport—and he used handsomely what he got.



NEW YORK CITY
IS IT WORTH IT?

· Sex



MASTER OF THE HUNT

THE American people are given to fads. At one time it was historical novels. At another it was ping pong. And once—so we are told—it was reform. (As if anyone would care to be reformed permanently!)

The fad that confronts us at present is Sex. Sex novels are having large sales. Sex problems are dealt with by and large upon the stage. There will soon be a course in Sex in all kindergartens.

This movement is largely fostered by our climate, which is so cold that we are obliged to wear clothes. If it was too warm to wear clothes, we would all go about naked and unashamed, and the Sex problem would vanish.

There are, however, a few of us left who care nothing for Sex—who are so busy that we have no time to bother with it. Let us band ourselves together in a mutual protective association. Let us call it The-Don't-Care-A-Hang-About-Sex Club.

Who cares, for example, whether a woman who takes a course at a correspondence contortion school until she can twist herself into a corkscrew, bend back until her head touches the ground, or can wiggle her muscles into quivering humps, appears before us on a stage, half-naked and jiggles herself around to slow music?

What difference does it make whether a half-grown erotic little authoress, with an ænemic imagination, tries to raise Sex to the level of a literary vaudeville? Nature never did look well in pink silk tights, anyway. She's a steady-going old plodder, with no originality, and has been doing the same thing over and over so long that she doesn't need advertising. Let her alone. She knows her business. You can paint a windmill in all the new-fangled colors, or fringe it with old lace, but it won't go any better.

There is more excuse for the business-like individual who

SPORTING TERM
THE HOME STRETCH

Extract from the *Wyoming Whoop*, Feb. 25, 1912

"WHILE OUT IN HIS NEW FLYPLANE, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MR. HENRY JENKS WAS MISTAKEN FOR AN EAGLE AND ACCIDENTALLY SHOT."

writes about Sex in order to sell his products. Of course he says he is doing it for moral effect, but he doesn't even expect us to be fooled by that. He knows that we know and we know that he knows.

One of the great troubles about Sex is that at bottom it is extremely uninteresting as a problem. It really isn't any problem. It is only a condition.

If you are going to do it right, why not carry it to its legitimate conclusions? Why not have a baby in his crib on the stage, and have a chorus of trained nurses? There are dramatic possibilities in a case of infant colic. There would be just as much sense, and a good deal more consistency in this than trying to drag poor old Sex out under the footlights, to convey the impression that she is something different from what she really is.

Who will join The-Don't-Care-A-Hang-About-The-Sex Club? We have an idea that it ought to become very popular.

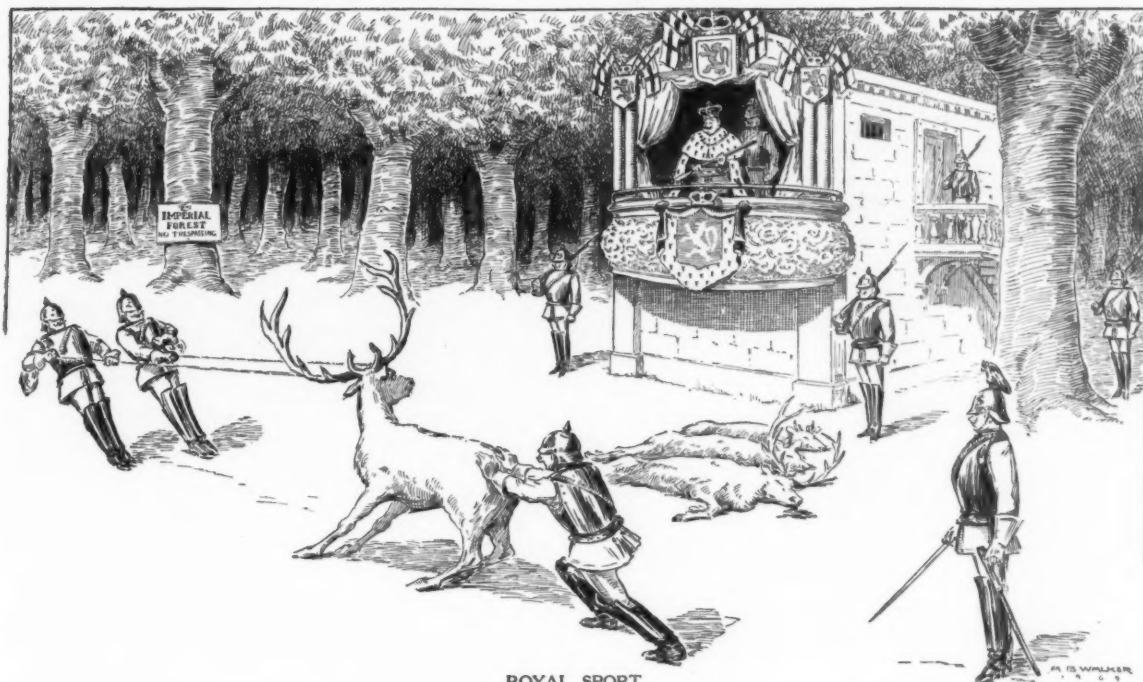
Essayists

THE lowest form of art is the essay and the lowest form of humanity is the essayist. The trouble with the essayist is that he knows too much. He wins his questionable success by pelting his listeners or his readers with huge catalogic chunks of erudition until they are completely submerged and unable to do any more than gasp for breath.

In the mind of the essayist the ideal essay is a college education in tabloid form. On the other hand, an essay must not be understood to be appreciated. If it is understood, it stands forth, of course, as meaningless as remarks on the liquor question by a politician who doesn't know whether he is talking to a saloon-keeper or a W. C. T. U. lady.

If anyone wants to take the pains critically to analyze a really artistic essay, it will be found that almost every statement made is true, but that none of them makes any difference.

Ellis O. Jones.



ROYAL SPORT
ITS PAINS AND PERILS

The Traction

"I HAVE great difficulty in understanding your traction system," said the Man from Mars.

"It is a little complex. What seems to bother you the most?" replied the Upright Citizen.

"Well, for instance, in whose interest is it conducted?"

"In the interest of the people, of course," answered the Upright Citizen.

"Then why are the people not treated with greater courtesy and supplied with more comforts?"

"Because it is not to the interest of those who conduct it to do so."

"But, I thought you said it was conducted in the interest of the people?"

"In a way it is. That is to say, the people, in their own interest, entrust the traction business to selected members of the community, to whose interest it is to conduct it in the interest of the people. Understand?"

"Perhaps I am a numskull," vouchsafed the Man from Mars, "but I do not understand yet. Now to whose interest is it to have good service?"

"To the interest of the people, of course, but then you could not expect the traction officials to give good serv-

ice when it is not to their interest, could you?"

"I do not expect anything," explained the Man from Mars. "I am trying to understand it. As near as I can determine there are two conflicting interests. Now, in such a conflict, which gives way?"

"The people, of course. You could not expect individuals to give service which was not to their interest. Have you ever studied the question of vested rights?"

"No; but I suppose vested rights are those which authorize the few to make the many uncomfortable?"

"You talk like a dangerous man," rejoined the Upright Citizen.

Ellis O. Jones.

DOCTOR: You must have a hobby—something to take your mind off business.

BAGSTER: But I've tried photography, keeping hens, a microscope, pistol shooting, amateur carpentering, burnt leather, motoring, book buying, stamp collecting and ballooning.

DOCTOR: Not absorbing enough, sir. Try running off with some other man's wife.



"SAY! IT MAKES MY WIFE NERVOUS TO SEE ANYBODY HANGING AROUND THE PLACE NIGHTS."



The Lady: ARE YOU CATCHING ANY TROUT, LITTLE BOY?

The Boy: YEP.

The Lady: HOW BIG ARE THEY?

The Boy: 'BOUT'S LONG'S YER FUT.

The Man (ardent fisherman): BY JOVE, YOU DON'T SAY SO! LET'S SEE THEM.

The Way to Wealth

THE system of offering prizes to awaken talent by tempting cupidity has accomplished some wonderful results. There are few things which people will not try to do—in open defiance of possibility—when enterprising publishers start a “competition,” and promise a thousand dollars for the best of the bad results. But a new and lurid light has been thrown upon the toiling army of prize-workers by the announcement of an ingenious game which the *Bodleian*—a monthly review published by Mr. John Lane proposes to play with its patrons. This game is a sort of literary hunt-the-slipper. Five passages are selected from ten novels, the novels being Mr. Lane's publications, and the passages of a colorless character that might stand undetected on any printed page. Competitors are bidden to say in which of the ten books the five quotations occur, “giving precise and full details”; and for this piece of

superhuman labor a prize of one guinea is offered—the decision of the editor being “final and irrevocable.” Should more than one correct list be sent in, the prize will be divided.

Is it possible that even in these hard times men and women can be found willing to read ten novels for five dollars, and to read them without the blessed privilege of skipping? Can we think without compassion of a fellow creature tracking such a sentence as this: “I am personally of opinion that they do these things better in the Fiji Islands,” through nine fat volumes, only to find that it is lurking undiscovered in the tenth. Do things better in the Fiji Islands! We should rather think they did, or in any other islands where the curse of Cadmus has not fallen, where the pleasures of the intellect are unknown, and where no happy, naked, letterless islander peruses painstakingly some three thousand pages of printed matter on the chance of winning a fraction of a guinea.

Agnes Repplier.



"HI, FELLERS! HERE COMES A BIRD-DOG!"



Farmer: THIS IS NO PLACE TO FISH.
"DON'T APOLOGIZE, MISTER, IT'S BETTER
HERE THAN GOING TO SCHOOL."

A May Poem

(Especially adapted to the season of
1909. Patent applied for.)

Love went out { a Maying
a sleighing

In the spring time { gay
gray ;

Through the drifts of { blossoms
snow flakes

Carpeting the way.

Birds were { blithely singing
sadly huddled

On the { leafy bough
frozen bough ;

"Roses blow," }
"Drat the snow!" } said Cupid,

"It is { summer
winter now."

Love came home at evening

Through the { moonlight gay
shadows gray

Basket full of snow { drops
balls

Gathered on the way.

Skipping } o'er the meadows,
Slipping }

Through the { sunshine clear
landscape drear
"Gay it is," } said Cupid,
"Rheumatiz," }
"Summer } time is here."
Winter }

A Newer Idea

"DO you always allow the minister
who marries you to kiss you?"
asks the lady with the alimony expres-
sion of the lady with the half-dozen wed-
ding rings arranged as bangles on her
bracelet.

"Dear me. no!" smiles the latter.
"That is so horribly old-fashioned, my
dear. But I always kiss the judge who
divorces me."

HE: How is it you are always out
when I call?
SHE: Just luck!



BASE BALL TERM
TWO "STRIKES"



The Professor: LET ME SEE; THE
BOOK SAYS THAT ONLY CINNAMON BEARS
CAN CLIMB TREES. NOW I WONDER IF
THIS IS A CINNAMON BEAR?

Incredible, But True

WHEN the religious papers are
funny, they are funnier than a
mere secular, humorous paper like LIFE
can ever hope to be. One of them,
which is impressed with the advantages
its columns offer to advertisers of schools,
has sent out a circular which contains
this interesting exposition of the kind of
people the paper claims to reach:

"One of the Pennsylvania clergy re-
cently directed the writer's attention to
the fact that out of 200 regular attend-
ants there were 150 automobiles owned
in his church. We mention this because
it is typical of conditions generally
among ———s. They are the peo-
ple of means and position."

Is not that wonderful! Natural com-
punction constrains us to omit the name
of the denomination whose members are
thus commended.



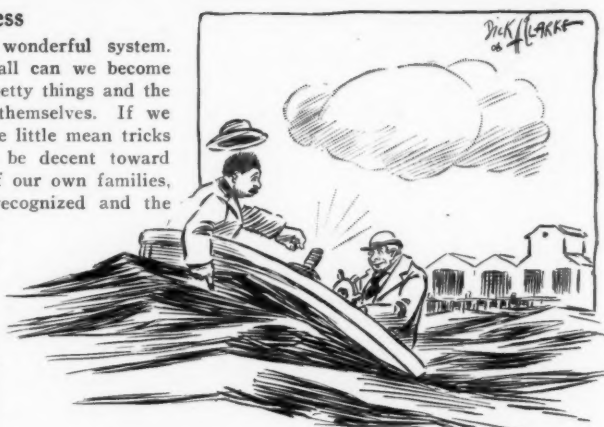
POPULAR PASTIME
RIDING T(W)O HOUNDS

Thus does nobility, properly sandbagged, bound, gagged, sawed off, hammered down, pruned, stunted, diluted, drugged, adulterated, filled with preservatives and guaranteed under the pure food act, become ignobility.

Greatness

WE have evolved a wonderful system. Only by being small can we become great. Take care of the petty things and the halos will take care of themselves. If we but faithfully attend to the little mean tricks and steadfastly refuse to be decent toward anyone, at least outside of our own families, our merit will soon be recognized and the newspapers will vie with one another in publishing broadcast the number of holes in our open-works.

The trouble with the reformer is that he is too big to be looked upon as anything but



Boatman: OH, YES, THE TIDE AFFECTS THE WATER HERE AT THIS POINT. I SHOULD SAY THE WATER RISES ABOUT A FOOT AND A HALF.

Passenger: THEN FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, MAN, PULL FOR SHORE BEFORE SHE RISES. YOUR BLAMED OLD BOAT IS ONLY ABOUT A FOOT OUT OF WATER NOW.



RIGHT ANGLE LENSES

"HAVE YOU ANY OF THOSE CAMERAS THAT PHOTOGRAPH OUT OF ALL PROPORTION?"

"WOULD IT BE FOR TROUT OR TARPON?"

The Celt, the Jew and Newspapers

WILL the Jew drive the Celt out of American journalism? We offer this interesting topic to all the debating societies for their use whenever they have finished with woman suffrage, the tariff, direct primaries, and other matters of pressing contemporary interest.

The Celt, especially the Irishman, has shown extraordinary aptitude for newspaper writing. A remarkable proportion of newspaper writers in this country have been and are Irishmen. There are good reasons for it. The Irish have wit, imagination, a liking for argument, a strong turn for politics, an unusual gift of language. Moreover, in this country, as a rule, they have been poor. The newspaper business has always been a refuge of poverty and talent, and the Irish have had both qualifications in unusual measure.

But the Irishman as a rule is not shrewder than other folks, and not exceptionally bent on material gain. He inclines to be swayed by sentiment, is apt to be a partisan, is liable to quarrel with his own bread and butter. He has more talent than the average of the rest of our population but, probably, less thrift. It has indeed been said to be the mission of the Celt in the world to be an obstacle to the strong drift toward materialism, and a force for sentiment and spirituality.

Comes along the Jew; clever, poor, intensely bent on material acquisition; shrewd, diligent, calculating; only slightly affected by many reluctances and compunctions that restrain the man of occidental standards. He observes the newspaper, a vast power, and one with enormous possibilities of all sorts, but difficult to handle profitably. In twenty or thirty years the observer of current phenomena remarks that the Jew has come to be a great power in American journalism; master in the counting-rooms of great and powerful papers, and arbiter of editorial policies. The Celt still writes, but more commonly than formerly, the Jew hires him.

This phenomenon might be ominous if the Jew had dangerous political aspirations. But he hasn't. As a newspaper owner he wants nothing more than to make a paper acceptable to readers and advertisers, and favorable and profitable to Jews, including himself. So the phenomenon—what there is of it—is rather curious than dangerous.



FURNITURE CAREFULLY REMOVED

A Rare Tribut

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

April 15, 1909.

LIFE PUBLISHING Co.,
New York.

SIRS:

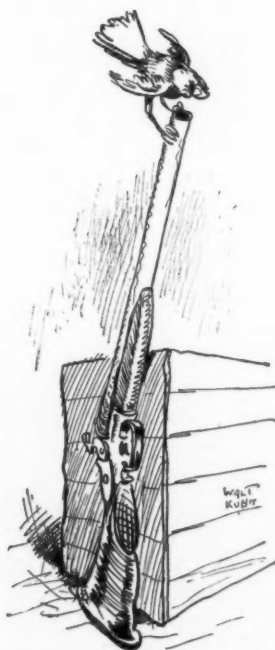
The enclosed invitation to renew my subscription to LIFE enables me to state to you again that you lost my subscription by the outrageous lies you told about vivisection and physicians and the outrageous attacks you made on President Roosevelt. My only regret is that I

could not deprive you of the majority of your subscribers until you have admitted that you have been lying and begin to publish a decent journal.

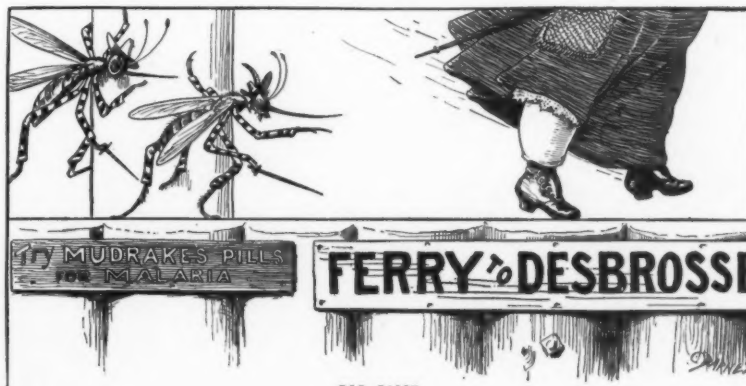
Very truly yours,
ALBERT P. MATHEWS.

So Say We All

MIKE DONOVAN, ESQ., who has sparred with President Roosevelt for ten years, has issued a book entitled "The Roosevelt That I Know." Useless labor, Mr. Donovan. That's the Roosevelt that we all know.



"PERFECTLY HARMLESS. I THOUGHT AT FIRST IT WAS BIRDSHOT, BUT I SEE NOW THAT IT'S ONLY BUCKSHOT!"



BIG GAME

BOOKS

"THE Story of My Life," by Ellen Terry (The McClure Company, New York), is a stout volume of engaging candor and vivacity. Never was there a more straightforward piece of narrative. Never was less artifice employed in an autobiography. The simple expedient of ringing the curtain up and down at discretion is hardly Machiavelian; but it appeals to the good sense of the reader, just as Miss Terry's kindness and gayety appeal to his good humor. Even the foolish old stage

jokes sparkle afresh on these delightful pages, and we realize—not for the first time—what a bond of friendship may be woven out of little hoarded jests, and stories, and sweet absurdities shared in common. Given a love of companionship and a love of fun (Miss Terry confesses to both), and stage life is full to the brim of those blessed incongruities which drown discouragement in laughter.

The most serious part of the volume is the history of Sir Henry Irving's triumphs and failures, the tribute of discriminating praise laid like a garland on his tomb. There is a characteristic account of Irving's inviting Edwin Booth to play Othello and Iago at the Lyceum Theatre, and asking him for suggestions concerning the stage management. Booth had none to give. To him a play meant simply his own conception of his own part. The casting of the other characters was a matter of indifference. The setting failed to interest him at all. Irving's passionate concern for the play as a whole, for the beauty of the spectacle, the perfection of every detail, the harmony of every scene, found no reflection in Booth's detached soul. The great actor failed to understand what the great artist craved.

THERE is much improper behavior in Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim's last novel, "The Missioner" (Little, Brown & Co., Boston), and many lurid glimpses into the "haute demi-monde" of the "City of Pleasure," Paris. It is rather a boresome monde, on the whole; and, what with defending female virtue on the one hand, and male virtue on the other, Mr. Oppenheim has a busier time than falls to the lot of most novelists. To his credit be it said he pulls the thing through, floats his three couples into the safe harbor of matrimony and starts hero and heroine to work on a Convalescents' Home before he blesses them and says a last good-by.

"WAR CHILDREN," by Mr. John T. Wheelwright (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), is a brief history of the Civil War, written for youthful readers, and given a vague resemblance to fiction by the introduction of some little boys and girls, whose exuberant patriotism leaves nothing to be desired. It is a manly book, animated by a martial spirit, and taking the simplest possible view of all political complications. Perhaps its definition of "Copperheads"—"Northern men who sympathized with the 'Seceshes'"—is a trifle crude.

The Queer Trail of the Bear-Skin Boots



OBSERVATION



INTERROGATION



INVESTIGATION



ANTICIPATION

No faction can be so cheaply labeled, even to meet the understanding of a child.

ACCORDING to the good old rule that in a comedy nobody dies and everybody gets married, and in a tragedy everybody dies and nobody gets married, "The Winterfeast," by Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy (Harper & Brothers, New York), is as direfully tragic as "Hamlet." What we cannot so easily determine is whether the victims are swept to their ruin by the fulfillment of a bitter curse—the curse that follows treachery—or whether they merely come to grief through the spirit of unreason,—because they harken to every rumor, give credit to every statement, swear hasty peace, and take rash oaths which bind to their undoing. Nothing can save those whom the just gods have doomed; but if we go stumbling into snares, or pitch heedlessly to destruction, our downfall has not the dignity of doom.

ONLY a past master of his craft could have dared to make a hero so convincingly good as is Mr. William J. Locke's "Septimus" (John Lane Company, New York). There are few things, as a rule, so discouraging as a hero's goodness. However set off by selected and manly faults—mere bluffs for the most part—it is too manifest to be condoned, and has the painful effect of alienating us from our innate love of virtue. But Septimus is as good as an angel, and we honor him for it. He rises to heights of self-sacrifice, and, instead of being irritated, we dilate with correct emotions of pity and esteem. Because he speaks in unheroic monosyllables, because of the irrelevancy of his remarks when he does utter them, because of his supreme inconsequence, because he embodies to the end the blessed quality of unexpectedness, he keeps us alert, interested and sympathetic. Such a hero might play the organ at twilight, and we should love him still.

WITH the intrepidity of Don Quixote attacking the windmill, Mr. Charles Marriott, in "The Kiss of Helen" (John Lane Company, New York), has tilted gallantly against a host of established conventions; against marriage as the



"TARNATION!"

only sanctioned goal of love; against the irritating self-righteousness of parents; against the over-vaunted domestic virtues, and against the constant and cruel warfare which is being waged for the preservation of social purity. These are things which some of us regard with indulgence, as essential to the making up of our admittedly imperfect civilization. It is not yet quite clear with what they can be replaced. Mr. Marriott's novel is keen, earnest, ardent, full of delicate subtleties, and ironic undertones, and touches of shivering scorn. It is the work of a knight-errant, and we remember, with something like relief, that the stupid old windmill, obeying laws it did not question, was more than a match for Don Quixote's lance.

Agnes Repplier.



"SAY, DICK, DO YOU THINK HE IS MAD?"
"NO; BUT HE HAS EVERY REASON TO BE."



The Nurse: VAT CAN I DO? IT CRIES FOR IT!



The Stage Attacks a Church

HEROINES who have to mention that they kneel at the chancel rail of Trinity and partake of the sacrament seem hardly within Olga Nethersole's range. She is so lurid and theatric in her methods that the normal woman lies entirely outside her powers of portrayal. But LIFE has so often recorded her decadence from the promise of her earliest

performances in America that in describing her depiction of the heroine of "The Writing on the Wall" it is only necessary to state that she still clings to her artificial and fantastic mannerisms and still punctuates her acting with strange movements and unhuman sounds. The star's eccentricities are emphasized by the fact that she has surrounded herself with a cast of actors of the naturalistic type, such as Mr. William Morris, Mr. Ben Johnson, Mr. Robert T. Haines, Mr. Frank Craven and Beverly Sitgreaves.


"The Writing on the Wall" is by Mr. William J. Hurlbut, whose first effort was "The Fighting Hope," in which Miss Blanche Bates has just finished a season's run. The author has followed the recent tendency to make dramatic treatises on topics—especially evils—of the time. His point of attack is the tenement house system, and his most ap-

plauded speeches were those directed at Trinity Corporation, which has been largely exploited in the daily newspapers as a rack-renting landlord. The public is just now somewhat interested in such topics and took kindly to the lines in the play pointing out the inconsistency of a church's preaching good will toward men and "whatsoever you do unto one of these," at the same time receiving vast revenues from filthy and unsanitary tenement houses; also using its wealth to fight legislation looking to the improvement of its own poor tenants.

It's hard to do two things at once and do them both well. Mr. Hurlbut certainly made clear his accusation against the tenement house owners, but he hasn't written a good play. With the main incident the burning of his heroine's child in one of its father's tenements, because the latter had scamped


the fire escapes, there couldn't help being a lugubrious atmosphere which was intensified by halts in the action of the piece to allow condemnation of this dastardly conduct.

The people are getting so much unpleasant muck-raking in the periodicals that it doesn't seem likely that they will flock to "The Writing on the Wall" to get it in dramatic form.

 **W**HAT is the real price of a New York theatre ticket? The advertised price seems to have nothing to do with it. No sane New Yorker who wants a decent seat

ever goes to the box-office to buy. If he is prodigal and only makes up his mind at the last moment, he buys from the sidewalk speculator, and is compelled to pay whatever that possible outside agent of the manager cares to exact. If he is simply the average extravagant New Yorker, he buys at an advance from the hotel news-stands where, if the play is not such a pronounced success that the manager sells all the best seats through his own speculators on the sidewalk, he may usually fare well at a twenty-five per cent. increase on the published prices. If he is a keen bargainer and familiar with the Baxter street methods that have been brought into the theatrical business in New York, he goes around to the different cigar stores and other places that are sub-box-offices, where he can chaffer and dicker and often get good seats at considerably less than the advertised rates.


Pretty soon some long-headed manager who has the business sense to know that in the long run it pays to deal squarely with the public will find it profitable to advertise "This is a strictly one-price theatre."

 **G**OOD old Boston! She may affect beans, she may be rather offensive in her pose of intellectual superiority, and she may chase after every new, silly fad, but when it comes to downright Americanism she scores heavily on some of her bigger and more cosmopolitan sister cities. All of which is evoked by a recent negotiation between Boston theatres and Boston newspapers.

It seems that five of Boston's theatres

are under the control of the Theatrical Trust, and that only one of its principal houses is outside of that benevolent and artistic domination. A brilliant idea occurred to the Trust managers. By combining their advertising and putting it all in one "panel" they could inflict a blow on their solitary competitor by placing in conspicuous type over the head of their joint display the line, "Boston's Leading Theatres." The inference that the independent house was not a "leading theatre" would be easy for the reading public. But the owners of Boston's newspapers have not yet completely sold their souls to the devil, and are able to act together in the interests of fair play. Therefore they declined to insert the advertisement with its unfair implication against another advertiser, and the five theatres were obliged to insert their announcements without the offensive line.

In Boston the sense of justice is pretty strongly developed. Can any one picture the owners of the New York dailies standing together to reject a paying advertisement that didn't carry a libel suit or a fine in its wake?

 **M**R. MARC KLAU is given space in the usually exclusive *Saturday Evening Post* to put up a defense of the methods of the Theatrical Trust. Mr. Klaw is the bookkeeping member of that

outfit, and some of his figures are interesting. For instance, he says, in refutation of the belief that the Trust gets five cents out of every dollar the public pays for admission to the tremendous number of theatres under Trust control:

Our payment has always been based upon profits. Whenever any local manager has come to us to have his house represented or booked by our institution, we have always based our commission on what we could earn for him. In other words, we have usually allowed him to deduct his rent and all other expenses and a good living salary for himself. After that we get a percentage of the remaining profits.

To illustrate: Suppose an Uncle Tom's Cabin company plays an engagement in Geneva, N. Y. The company exacts 70 per cent. of the gross receipts and the home house, or local manager, gets 30. A big house there would be \$500, of which the traveling company, on the basis just enumerated, would get \$350 and the local manager \$150. Of this we should get the munificent sum of \$7.50, which is 5 per cent. of the manager's share. Now, if we got 5 per cent. of the gross receipts we would get \$25, or 16½ per cent. of the manager's share, which

is vastly different from getting 5 per cent. of his share.

On that figuring of the 5 per cent. on the manager's \$150, how does Mr. Klaw make his result jibe with his statement in the first paragraph that the Trust only figures on the remaining profits after "we have usually allowed (sic)" the manager "to deduct his rent and all other expenses and a good living salary for himself"?

Cut-throat pirates sometimes "allow" their victims to swim ashore after they have been robbed and thrown overboard, but how about that 70 per cent. that goes to the company? Does the Trust "allow" that to get away from them unscathed? And if by any chance the Trust charged a 5 per cent. on the company's 70 per cent., as well as 5 per cent. on the manager's 30 per cent., wouldn't that come pretty near being 5 per cent. on the gross, or five cents of every dollar that the people of Geneva paid to see the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" performance?

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—Mr. Robert Mantell, in Shakespearean tragedy.

Astor—"The Man from Home." Long-continued comedy argument in behalf of the superiority of Indiana chivalry to that of Europe.

Belasco—"Going Some." Laughable farce with Arizona ranch life as a background.

Bijou—"A Gentleman from Mississippi." The funny side of life in Washington brought out by Messrs. Tom Wise and Douglass Fairbanks.

Broadway—"The World and His Wife," with Mr. Faversham. Adaptation of interesting Spanish drama dealing with the evil effects of gossip.

Casino—"Havana." Musical comedy from London with Mr. James T. Powers as the comedian. Some clever songs.

Criterion—"The Fair Co-Ed."

Daly's—"The Climax." Delightful little pathetic comedy with a musical substratum.

Empire—Maude Adams and excellent company in Mr. Barrie's witty comedy of Scotch character.

Hackett—Grace George in "A Woman's Way." Brilliant comedy by Mr. Thompson Buchanan. Very well done.

Herald Square—"The Beauty Spot." Musical comedy with Mr. Jefferson De Angelis and Marguerite Clark. Fairly amusing.

Hippodrome—Bigness and beauty in circus, spectacle and ballet.

Lyric—"The Great John Ganthorn."

Hudson—"The Third Degree." Helen Ware and good company in interesting drama of contemporary local life.

Madison Square Garden—Far West and Far East Show.

Majestic—Messrs. Cole and Johnson in "The Red Moon." Notice later.

Savoy—Olga Nethersole in "The Writing on the Wall." See opposite.

Wallack—Henrietta Crossman in "Sham." Pleasant comedy of New York society life.

NOT FOR THE YOUNG PERSON

Maxine Elliott's Theatre—"The Blue Mouse." Mr. Fitch's laughable adaptation of risqué German farce.

Stuyvesant—"The Easiest Way." The aristocracy of the Tenderloin admirably dramatized and acted.

Weber's—"The Girl from Rector's." French farce. Neither funny nor exciting.

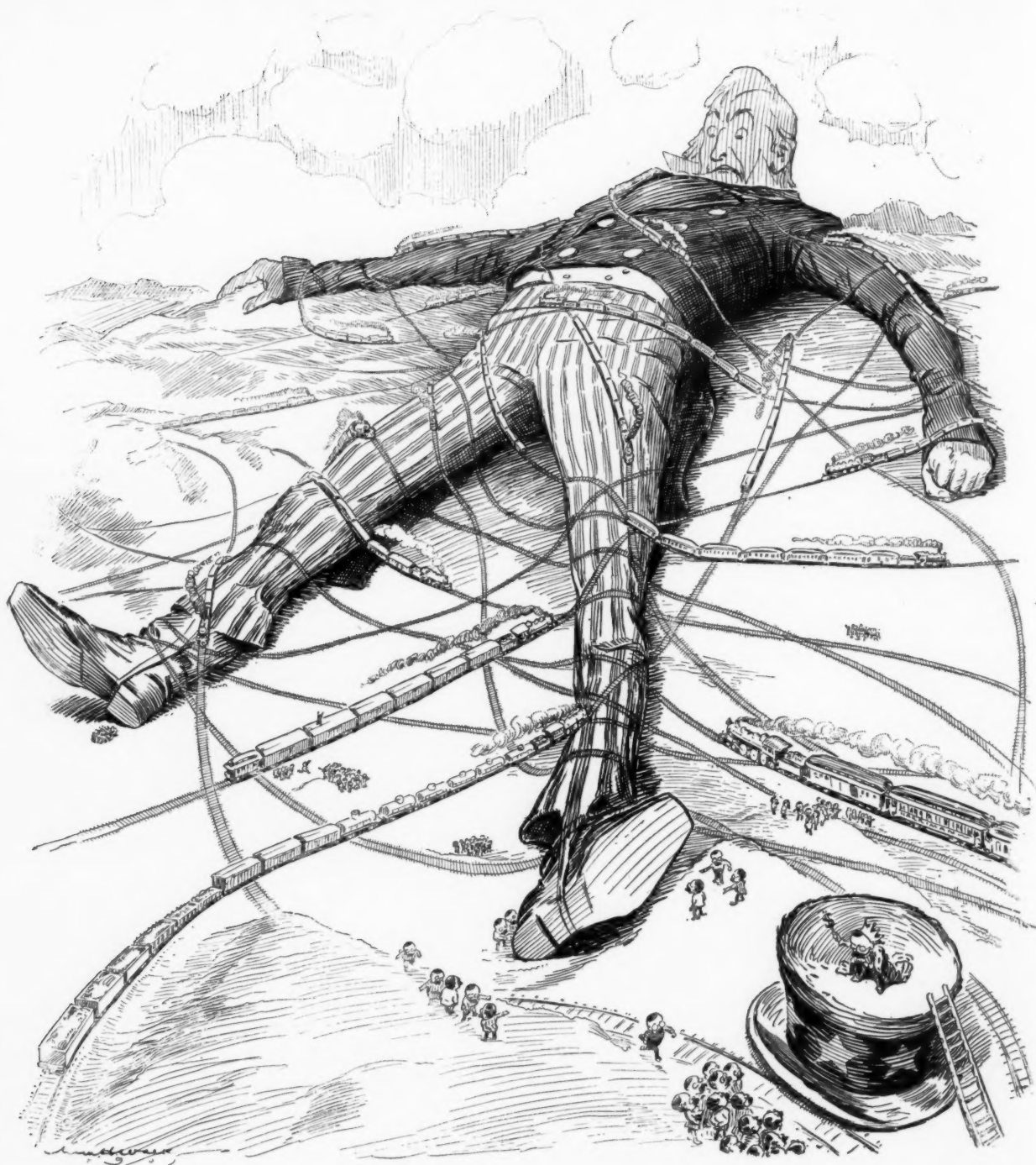
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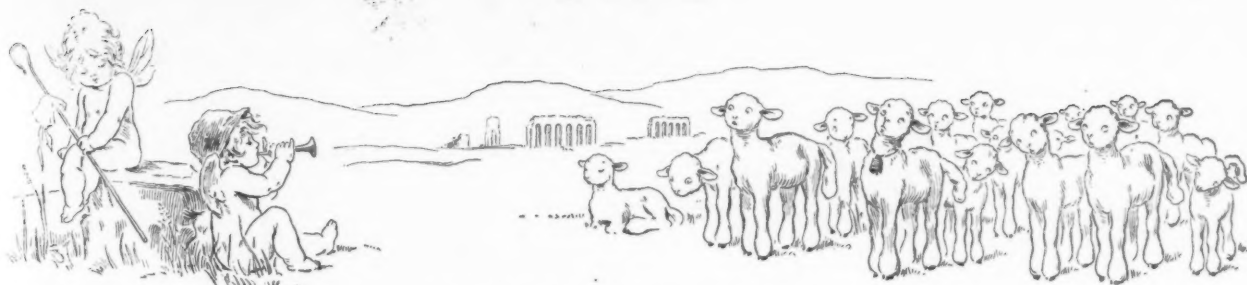
HARRISON G. FADY

WHEN THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH REACHES





UNCLE GULLIVER AND THE HARRIPUTIANS



In the Spring a Young Lamb's Fancy—

A Legal Love Affair

JACK GARTH gazed at his lawyer in the utmost astonishment.

"Do you mean to say," he exclaimed, "that I've got to get married by to-morrow night?"

"You have—if you want to save that half million. The terms of the will are very explicit. You see, your uncle had very emphatic ideas about marriage. His own married life was so thoroughly happy and he was so miserable after his wife died, that he believed it was the only way to live. He believed further that no man could manage a fortune, or had a right to have one, unless he became the head of a family. You know he was always urging you to marry."

"I know he was. But—"

"That was the reason. Of course, when he made this will, a year ago, he did not expect to live three weeks. And if this had happened you would of course have had ample time. Later, when I suggested to him mildly that he ought to tell you that unless you were married by your twenty-eighth birthday you would forfeit your rights, he shook his head and declared that was your lookout."

"Um. And I'll be twenty-eight by the day after to-morrow, and unless I have a wife by then—a full-fledged, really and truly wife, why, I'm cut off."

"That's the situation. The money goes to the hospital. Don't you know anyone?"

"Of course I do. But she has just refused me."

"On what ground?"

Jack, with a sense of grimness about him, could not help but smile. The strange, almost pathetic humor of the affair affected him.

"On the ground," he replied, "that I have never been obliged to work for a

living, and had money coming to me. My uncle, of course, had always made me an allowance, and it was generally known that I was his heir. Now, she's the kind of a girl who doesn't believe in a man living on his money alone. I think she is actually afraid to marry me because I have it. She sees beyond most girls of her age. She has character, I can tell you! Who knows but what she is right, after all? Perhaps I ought not to say that she is afraid to trust me. But she has character. She seems to realize intuitively that in the long run character counts more in a human companionship than money. She wants me to be able to earn my own living—as a sort of guarantee that I have strength of purpose enough to make a good husband. And so she's been holding me off. Oh, I can tell you, she's the right sort!"

"I see! And if you should now go to her, and tell her that unless she married you by to-morrow night you would forfeit your entire fortune, why that would be just what she would want. She would rather have you that way—rather have you without it?"

"Exactly."

The lawyer frowned. His legal mind, with its keen sense of the logical fitness of things, was disturbed.

"She must be an extraordinary kind of a girl," he said. "An unusual kind of a girl."

"She is—one girl in a million. I don't think she has any regard for money by itself. With her it is love, character—the primitive virtues—that alone count. She is very fond of the hospital. Indeed, I have no doubt that



TOWN AND



COUNTRY

she would rather have the hospital get the money than myself, on general principles. Oh, you don't know her. She's an ideal girl, I can tell you!"

"Well, then, are you willing to marry anyone else?"

"No, sir!"

"All right. That is for *you* to decide. Remember, Mr. Garth, you have nothing—absolutely nothing. Your allowance stops at once. Don't be foolish. Chivalry is all right in its place. But this is a practical world, built on practical lines. If you hadn't a cent, you couldn't then conscientiously ask this young lady to be your wife, even if she were willing to accept you, now, could you? Just reflect on that. It wouldn't be fair to her, would it, even if she were willing. You would have to wait until you had made yourself independent, and how long would this take? Would it be right to treat her that way? Never! It seems to me that of the two paths, you ought to take——"

"The half-million one?"

"Yes."

Jack looked at his lawyer for some time.

"Maybe I ought," he said. "It's a frightful situation in which to place a man. Still——"

He walked the floor rapidly.

"You really think so?"

"I certainly do."

"Confound it, man! I can't do it. Don't you see I love her? Why, just because she is that kind of a girl, I love her all the more."

"Of course you do. That's why you ought not to make a sacrifice of her. You wouldn't have me marry any other girl, would you? Why, then——"

"Another girl! Ah!"

The lawyer's face brightened. He bore the appearance of a man who had been suddenly caught with a good idea.

"That's it!" he exclaimed. "Now, you leave this thing to me."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this. I'm your lawyer—bound to protect your interests. You've got to get married inside of thirty-six hours to save your fortune. Very well. It will be my business to see that you do it. That's what I'm for. It may cost you something, but it is the only way, and you can rely upon me to make the best bargain. Be here therefore at this time to-morrow. I'll engage the minister, and see about the other contracting party. Come, now, have a little confidence. You are not in a position to act for yourself."

"I can't do it!"

"You must."

"Who will she be?"

"I tell you frankly, I haven't the slightest idea. I only have hopes. Of one thing I'm certain—I've often had to raise a loan of several millions in twelve hours, and I guess I can raise a desirable young girl in twenty-four, considering the object. Don't be afraid. I'm not half so likely to make a mistake as you would be under the most favorable circumstances. I'm unprejudiced. You must trust me. Besides, if you don't like her when you see her—if you want then to call it off—why, I'll say no more."

"Very well, on that condition I'll agree."

"Good. To-morrow—at this hour."

Twenty-four hours later Garth entered the lawyer's office; that gentleman was calmly seated at his desk writing.

"Well, how is it?"

"All right."

"Have you got her?"

"Certainly. She's in the next room, with the clergyman."

"I'm sorry. But I have decided—the other way."

"What do you mean?"

Jack faced the lawyer without a quiver.

"Hang your cold-blooded methods," he exclaimed. "What do you think I am, anyway? Don't you suppose I consider Mabel worth more than half a million? It's she or nobody."

The lawyer leaned back in his chair, his long, astute face suffused with serenity.

"Young man," he said, "perhaps I have had more experience than you. I don't pretend to know everything about a woman, but there are some things that I half suspect may be true. After you left me yesterday I thought over the whole



"HEY, THERE! NO NATURE FAKING!"

situation, and after weighing it carefully and impartially, I made up my mind I would see the girl you loved. You will forgive me I know if it was necessary for me to misrepresent your motives slightly. *That* you can adjust later."

"Quick! What *did* she do?"

The lawyer pressed a button. The door opened. A handsome girl stood for an instant on the threshold.

"She will tell you," he said, quietly.

Jack sprang to his feet.

"Mabel! You here! Is it true? You will marry me—with all my money?"

"Yes."

"You shall never regret it! But what made you decide?"

In reply the young lady smiled sagely.

"Do you suppose," she replied, "that, under the circumstances, and after what this gentleman told me, I was going to let you marry anyone else?"

T. L. M.

Debate

DEBATE is an ancient form of considering matters of public policy. Through it, many men, such as Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster, etc., became famous. It has now become one of the most sacred Cannons of our government that no debate shall be held unless the subject is one in which nobody is interested.

This evolution is due in part to the fear that democracy will survive; in part to the fear that the people will find out what their representatives are doing; in part to the rapid growth of Congressional and Senatorial courtesy which makes it bad form for one legislator to disagree with another, unless one of them is a Democrat, and Democrats don't count, being only for show; and in part to the fact that the people, knowing very little about public affairs, care less.

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The Eminent Russian Pianist

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The Knabe

---"it combines with great volume
of tone, rare sympathetic and
noble tone color and perfect action"

THE artistic supremacy of THE KNABE PIANO is born of its capacity for interpreting the musical ideals of great composers and players with rare subtlety.

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Just as Faultless as It Looks

Costly Construction

The improvements on the National from year to year constitute a very good history of motor car development. It has generally been somewhat in advance but its departures have always soon become standard practice with the best manufacturers.

In the introduction of the all-ball-bearing motor, however, only a few of the highest priced cars—all costing much more than the National—have followed it. It is expensive in construction, but no expense is spared at any point to make the National the best.

Four Models—Fours and Sixes—from \$2,750 to \$5,000.

National Motor Vehicle Co.
1021 E. 22d St. Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. Billups Reads Brother Roosevelt's First Article

"Now, boys," said Mr. Billups, drawing up close to the evening lamp and taking up his copy of *The Outburst*, which had just arrived, "I will read you Mr. Roosevelt's first article in this paper. He is a great man, my children, and I want you to pay especial attention to his words."

The children grouped themselves about their father's chair and Mr. Billups began.

"Every owner, editor, or reporter of a conscientiously and ably conducted newspaper or periodical," he read, "'is an ass—'"

"John, dear, before you go any farther," said Mrs. Billups, "won't you please tell me what time you want breakfast in the morning?"

"Seven sharp, Maria," replied Billups.

"Please don't interrupt me again. I consider this paper of the ex-president's a very important contribution to modern letters. Now, boys, be quiet. We will begin again. 'Every owner, editor, or reporter of a conscientiously and ably conducted newspaper or periodical is an ass—'"

"Excuse me, Misther Billups," said the hired man, appearing in the doorway. "But wan of the harses is off his feed, and oi t'ink we'd better sind for the veter'nary, sorr."

"All right, Mike," said Mr. Billups, looking up from his reading. "Send over and get him. Now, kiddies, we will resume. Mr. Roosevelt says, 'Every owner, editor, or reporter of a conscientiously and ably conducted newspaper or periodical is an ass—'"

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling," went the telephone.

"Mercy me, Maria, go and see what that infernal bell is ringing for!" said Mr. Billups. "At this rate, I shall never be able to finish this article."

Mrs. Billups went to the 'phone, while Billups resumed:

"The article says, my little dears, that 'every owner, editor, or reporter of a conscientiously and ably conducted newspaper or periodical is an ass—'"

"It's the Rev. Mr. Mosely, father," said Mrs. Billups, returning from the 'phone. "He wants to know if he can see you about painting the Sunday-school this evening?"

"Oh—er—tell him—tell him yes," said Billups. "Let's see, where were we? Oh, yes. The paper says in Mr. Roosevelt's words that 'every owner, editor, or reporter of a conscientiously and ably conducted newspaper or periodical is an ass—'"

"He'd like to speak with you himself before he comes over, John," said Mrs. Billups, coming back from the 'phone.

"Oh, ding-bats!" ejaculated Mr. Billups. "Confound these clergymen! There's never any let-up to their wants."

Throwing down *The Outburst*, Mr. Billups left the room, and for the next five minutes was absent on church business, at the end of which time he returned.

"There, by Jingo! that's over, and we can resume," he said, seating himself again. "Where did we leave off, Willie?"

"Where Mr. Roosevelt called all the newspaper people an ass," said Willie.

"What?" roared Billups, eyeing the lad fiercely. "What do you mean?"

"That's what you said," sobbed Willie, very much frightened.

"Maria have we brought a member of the Ananias Club into this world?" demanded Billups. "If we have, it is your doings, not mine, and I must request that you will send your son to bed. He is not fit for human society. The rest of us will remain and hear the goodly words of our great ex-president."

Whereupon the unfortunate Willie was led off to bed, sobbing like a meticulous mollicoddle, while Mr. Billups continued:

"Every owner, editor, or reporter of a conscientiously and ably conducted newspaper or periodical is an asset of real value to the whole community."—*Harper's Weekly*.

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Particularly Desirable
after Dinner

YOUR MUSICAL FRIEND

KNOWS that Chiclets keep
the throat clear and moist

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Elijah Brown

Elijah Brown, the cobbler, was enamored of the muse,
And all his time was given up to stanzas and to shoes.
He scorned to live a tuneless life, ingloriously mute,
And nightly laid his last aside to labor at his lute;
For he had registered an oath that lyrical renown
Should trumpet to the universe the worthy name of Brown,
And, though his own weak pinions failed to reach the heights of song,
His genius hatched a brilliant scheme to help his oath along;
And all his little youngsters, as they numerously came,
He christened after poets in the pantheon of fame,
That their poetic prestige might impress them, and inspire
A noble emulation to adopt the warbling lyre.
And Virgil Brown and Dante Brown and Tasso Brown appeared,
And Milton Brown and Byron Brown and Shakespeare Brown were reared.

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME!



A Book of Funny Pictures

By WALT KUHN

75 Cents

MR. KUHN is the artist who draws those funny pictures of all kinds of birds in all sorts of surroundings and talking all sorts of wise and funny human talk.

LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 17 West 31st Street, New York

CALORIS

Buy a Vacuum Bottle as you would a watch—not by the outside of the case—but the inside works.

Exercise this same caution, and you will unhesitatingly choose the CALORIS.

The CALORIS BOTTLE will stand much harder usage than any other Vacuum Bottle.

Note patented construction in shadowgraph picture. The fact that we give you a lifetime guarantee while other makers limit their confidence to 60 days, tells you which bottle to buy.

"Indestructo" CALORIS—mounted nickel case with gold lined cup—removable glass bottle.

Pint size, \$3.50

Quart size, \$5.50

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Contents
Hot a day
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All dealers will eventually sell CALORIS because of merit. If your dealer offers a substitute, order direct—we will prepay delivery to your home on receipt of price.

CALORIS MFG. CO.
New York Sales Office
503 Fifth Avenue

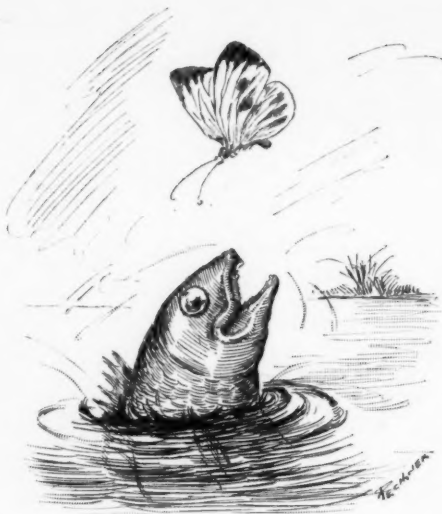
Longfellow Brown and Schiller Brown arrived at man's estate,
And Wordsworth Brown and Goldsmith Brown filled up the family slate.
And he believed his gifted boys, predestined to renown,
In time would roll the boulder from the buried name of Brown.
But still the epic is unsung, and still that worthy name
Is missing from the pedestals upon the hills of fame;
For Dante Brown's a peddler in the vegetable line,
And Byron Brown is pitching for the Tuscarora nine;

Longfellow Brown, the lightweight, is a pugilist of note,
And Goldsmith Brown's a deck-hand on a Jersey ferry-boat;
In Wordsworth Brown Manhattan has an estimable cop,
And Schiller Brown's an artist in a Brooklyn barber-shop;
A roving tar is Virgil Brown upon the bounding seas,
And Tasso Brown is usefully engaged in making cheese;
The cobbler's bench is Milton Brown's, and there he pegs away,
And Shakespeare Brown makes cocktails in a Cripple Creek café! —Syracuse Courier.



She

She broke our big platter—she dropped it—to-day;
And she should have been fired for that;
She tells our affairs to the folks o'er the way,
And she ought to be fired for that.
But if she should go what on earth could we do?
We've company here and we must see it through;
She stays out at night until all hours, too;
And she ought to be fired for that.
She scorches the steak till it's brittle and black,
And she ought to be fired for that;
She cooks like a person deprived of the knack,
And she ought to be fired for that.
Last week we declared we would keep her no more;
But illness occurred—it has happened before—
Then she—well, she charged things to us, at the store,
And she should have been fired for that.
She takes her day off when she can't well be spared,
And she ought to be fired for that;
The rooms in this place are improperly aired,
And she ought to be fired for that.
A month since we vowed that she'd have to get out,
But there was some cleaning—that left it in doubt;
She took some loose change that was lying about,
And she should have been fired for that.



The Fish: DO DROP IN FOR LUNCH, WON'T YOU?

She lingers along, though she's impudent quite,
And she ought to be fired for that;
She's very untidy, a regular fright,
And she ought to be fired for that.
But maybe the new one would be just the same,
Our last one spanked Freddie the day that she came;
And this one, last night, smashed a good picture frame,
And she—will not get fired for that!
—Charles R. Barnes in *New York Sun*.

Trouble Averted

A Washington man, much given to long foot tours through Virginia, once came upon an unkempt and melancholy-looking person stretched under a tree, who, upon the approach of the pedestrian, immediately executed a "hurry touch" for a dime.

Now the Washington man had, a short distance back, been talking to a prosperous farmer, who had complained of the difficulty of obtaining labor; accordingly he said, to the hobo as he handed him the coin:

"About half a mile down, my friend, there's a farmer looking for men to help him in his fields."

The melancholy-looking person bowed as politely as possible, considering his sitting posture, and replied:

"Thanks. I might er strolled down that way accidental-like."—*Harper's Magazine*.

Same Dope

SHE: Do you believe in love in a cottage?
HE: Do you believe in Santa Claus?—*Wisconsin Sphinx*.

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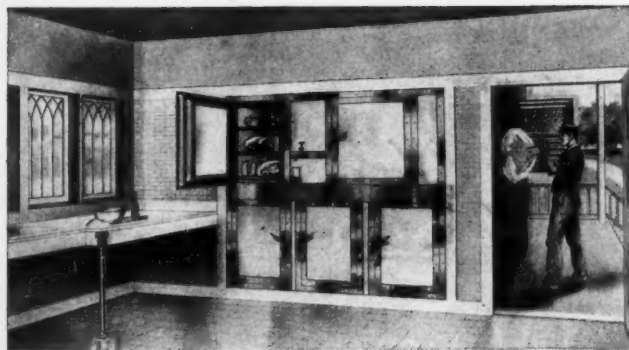
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Do away with the troublesome work of cleaning up after the ice-man by installing a McCray Refrigerator arranged for outside icing.

Drop us a line telling us where your present refrigerator stands and we will prepare, without charge, plans and estimates on a McCray Built-to-order Refrigerator, or if your requirements are normal, we will tell which of our regular sizes is best adapted to your needs.

McCray Refrigerators

(Keep things fresh)

because the air in them is purified by constantly recurring contact with the ice, caused by the "McCray System." This also dries the air so that even matches or salt can be kept perfectly dry in this refrigerator. Your choice of sanitary linings: Opal-glass, (looks like white china— $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick) porcelain tile, white enameled wood or odorless white wood. No zinc is ever used, as zinc forms dangerous oxides that poison milk and other food.

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McCray Refrigerators use less ice than other refrigerators, because McCray walls are the thickest and best "heat and cold proof" walls made. McCray Refrigerators of all sizes and styles are ready for immediate shipment. Built-to-order refrigerators for any purpose can be shipped three weeks after order is received. Every McCray is guaranteed to give lasting satisfaction. Upon request we will send you our illustrated book which explains why McCray Refrigerators are better than other refrigerators and different from ordinary ice boxes. Write a postal for catalog.

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No. 47—For Hotels, Clubs, Institutions, etc.
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No. 66—For Grocery Stores.
No. 71—For Florists.
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McCray Refrigerator Co., 901 Mill Street, Kendallville, Ind.

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cannot be made
with poor material. To increase
their profits many
makers recommend materials
which look well
when new but are
totally lacking in
quality. To avoid
these accept only
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10 CENTS PER ROLL

ALL SIZES.

VELOX PRINTS, BROWNIES, 3c;
3½x3½, 3¼x4¼ 4c; 4x5, 3a 5c.

Send us two negatives and we will print them *without charge* as a sample of our work; we are film specialists and give you better results than you have ever had.

COLE & CO., Asbury Park, N. J.

Some of the Causes of Healthlessness

There are several reasons why disease spreads her pestilential wings over our country.

First, there is a superstition among otherwise highly intelligent men and women that if father and mother, or grandfather and grandmother were weak and diseased, the children must inevitably be likewise afflicted, with no possible escape from the inheritance, and no effort is therefore put forth to overcome the trouble.

Second, there are hundreds of thousands of persons who, when overcome by illness believe that restoration to health is impossible, though they have the utmost faith in educational methods for intellectual development, in daily practice of vocal and instrumental music for the acquirement of musical skill; in apprenticeship for the learning of trades and in carefully laid plain concentration and application for successful business careers.

Third, some are strong in the conviction that clothes alone make the man and they prefer outside adornment to health and inner beauty, ignorant or careless of the fact that, however costly the dress, it cannot wholly obscure the frailties of a poor, diseased body.

Fourth, on every hand are those who are suffering under the delusion that health must be bought by those who are so unfortunate as to come into the world without it or who at some period of life have lost it.

Fifth, hundreds of thousands have not yet arrived at the knowledge that the state of mind, to a great extent, governs the physical condition and thus it is that much unnecessary suffering exists.

Referring to the first cause, a well-known writer and physician makes this statement: "What is often called heredity is simply the expression of a sub-conscious self, the beginning of which can be traced to early childhood, when the actions of the parents and their example are sub-consciously perceived, and, by their constant repetition, form fundamental impressions which make up a great part of memory.

From conscious impressions and the accumulation of them, the intellectual, the circulating, the deliberate man is formed.

The force of early impressions, their repetition and result, the correcting influences of early training both in a concentrating as well as a deflecting direction, are unhappily quite overlooked, as explaining many facts now ascribed to heredity.

Luther Burbank, in "The Training of the Human Plant," makes the assertion that "Heredity is not the dark specter which some people have thought it—merciless and unchangeable, the em-



MADAME SEMBRICH

Mlle GERMAINE SCHNITZER

MISCHA ELMAN

The Baldwin Piano

Chopin told the Countess Potocka to practice on the finest piano; adding that no musician could hope to be greater than his instrument.

In interestingly contrasting fields this group of artists are using the Baldwin.

In the Elman concerts the union of Baldwin accompaniments with the tone which the violinist draws from his celebrated Stradivarius is of a perfection few will forget;

With the Baldwin Germaine Schnitzer creates an enthusiasm recalling the girlhood triumphs of Carreno and winning from Saint-Saens the sobriquet of "Mlle. Liszt."

Sembrich, heard again and again in recital from *aria* to simple *lieder*, is making world-known the peculiar sympathy of the Baldwin with the *voice*. So much does Madame Sembrich rely upon tone-clarity that on rare occasions when a Baldwin has not been available she has preferred a flute accompaniment.

The same qualities that lead an artist to choose the Baldwin for his professional performances—to stake his artistic reputation upon it—are present in *every* Baldwin piano, accessible to the amateur as to the virtuoso.

Illustrative of this artistic uniformity is the incident of the de Pachmann upright: On his last American tour this pianist purchased for his chateau in France a Baldwin Upright, selecting it from a score of Baldwins on the floor of an eastern wareroom. In this instrument, chosen "impromptu," he found the same beautiful character of tone, the same vibrance as in the Baldwin *grands* on which he had played his greatest Chopin.

The Baldwin Piano may be seen and heard in the salesrooms of The Baldwin Company in Cincinnati, Chicago, New York, Boston, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Louisville, Denver, San Francisco and all Baldwin dealers. For catalogue and full information—write to nearest address.

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Paris, 1900

The Baldwin Company

CINCINNATI

The Grand Prize
St. Louis, 1904

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bodiment of Fate itself. . . . My own studies have led me to be assured that heredity is only the sum of all past environments, in other words environment is the "architect of heredity."

This being true, it may readily be assumed that with proper environments, right thinking, etc., the adverse or weakening elements may be banished or overcome, where the strong and healthy forces may be awakened and a new mind and body be constructed.

Again, illness and disease may be replaced by health through right thinking, breathing, eating, drinking and exercising, as surely as the unskilled mechanic may become expert through daily and thoughtful practice in the duties pertaining to his trade.

Concerning the third reason for healthfulness,

if everyone were as particular about the *clothing of flesh* as that of linen and broadcloth the body would be indeed a "holy temple," as a sacred writer has termed it, clean and whole inside and out.

The sooner man is convinced that health cannot be handed out over a counter, poured from a bottle or swallowed in a capsule the sooner will the great human family emerge from the cave of darkness and disease into the realm of glory and freedom of mind, body and soul.

Let the mind dwell only upon the good, the beautiful, the pure and healthy and healthlessness can no more hold possession of your body than can the heavy mist lie over the earth like a pall in the bright sunshine.—Alice M. Long, D. P., in *The Balance*.



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BLACK AND BLUE

although it required a strong sense of humor to do that, and sent the lad a check for it. But the verses remain to this day unprinted.—*Youth's Companion*.

How He Learned English

"Passengers who arrived in San Francisco the other day on the steamship *Korea* are telling with glee how Wong Kwong, a Chinese engineer, also a passenger, silenced a very pompous Britisher, who boarded the liner at Yokohama," said Frank Wallace, of San Francisco, who is at the Arlington.

"Wong, who is only thirty-two years old," continued Mr. Wallace, "belongs to one of the best families in the Chinese Empire. He is an educated gentleman of considerable polish, and stands high in his profession. He has a brother attending Yale University, and is himself a college man. He is now general manager of what is probably the most important engineering concern in China."

"The pompous Britisher was introduced to Wong, and from the first patronized the little Celestial in a most demonstrative way. Wong openly resented the Britisher's attitude, but he did nothing in retaliation until one day in the smoking room, just after Wong had told a very good story. The silence that followed the laugh with which the yarn was greeted was broken by the Britisher. 'I say, me man,' he said, 'you speak English very well for a Chinese.'"

"'Yes,' replied Wong, 'I have a great many Englishmen in my employ.'"—*Washington Herald*.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



He Remembered

Poets are more apt to be modest than self-assertive. In his biography of T. B. Aldrich, Mr. Ferris Greenslet tells a story of the youth of the poet, showing that he, for one, believed in himself. Aldrich had dropped into a publisher's office with a copy of verses in his pocket. The publisher, who was also the editor of a magazine, was absent.

The young poet sat down and waited. Presently his eye fell upon a memorandum book lying there, spread out like a morning newspaper, and almost in spite of himself he read:

"Don't forget 'o see the binder."

"Don't forget to mail E. his contract."

"Don't forget H.'s proofs."

An inspiration seized upon the youth. He took a pencil, and at the tail of this long list of "don't forgets" he wrote:

"Don't forget to accept A.'s poem."

He left his manuscript on the table and departed. That afternoon, when the publisher glanced over his memoranda, he was not a little astonished at the last item, but his sense of humor was so strong that he did accept the poem,

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50 cents per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

THE STANDARD PAPER FOR BUSINESS STATIONERY—"LOOK FOR THE WATER-MARK"

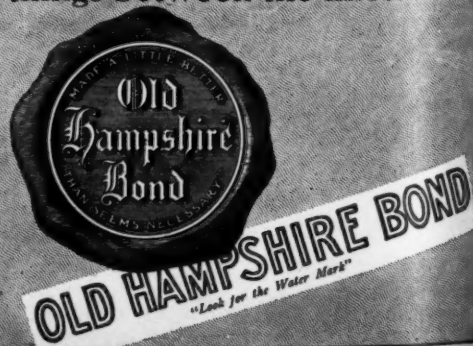
We say that "clothes don't make the man," but, except his hands and face, they're all we see of him during business hours; and they reveal a good many things in his habits and character.

Old Hampshire Bond doesn't make a letter; but it is the special thing we see, and it helps us to read a good many things between the lines.

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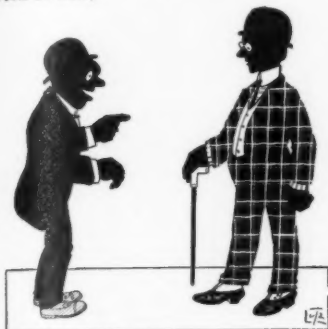


MADE "A LITTLE BETTER THAN SEEMS NECESSARY"—"LOOK FOR THE WATER-MARK"

**As It Might Have Been
Everybody Works but Father**

(If It Had Been Written by Mr. Walt Whitman
Instead of by Mr. Jean C. Havez, of
Dockstader's Minstrel Company)

I am one with the chill winds of the morning;
I chant the chant of the worker;
I blow upon my fingers, and I blow into them
the strength and the warmth of the soul of
toil;
I am wrapped about the neck with the collar of
my garment;
I have no patience with them that shirk the
tasks set for them in the great field of the
work of life;



"GEE! WHAT A LOUD PATTERN!"
"YES. I'M GOING TO CALL ON MY GIRL'S FATHER,
AND I'M DETERMINED HE SHALL HEAR MY SUIT."

I miss the street car and I dodge the milk wagon,
I nod gayly at the housemaid as she sweeps
off the steps—
I care not be she Swede, Dane, German, Irish,
Japanese, Norwegian, Polak or Reub; it is
her soul that is she;
I know that as men view their brethren they
separate them and classify them by their
countries and states and towns—unless they
have money, then they try first to separate
the lucre;
I am firm in the belief, though, that one no
more need be an icepick because he is born
in Iceland, than a kitten need be a biscuit
because it is born in an oven;

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has been made with a range of 65 notes—in this respect like other piano players—but now
we are building it so it will play 88 notes, the entire keyboard of the piano. The new
ANGELUS gives to its user, the same playing compass as that of the concert pianist, for it is
thus possible to play every note, from the lowest in the bass to the highest in the treble.

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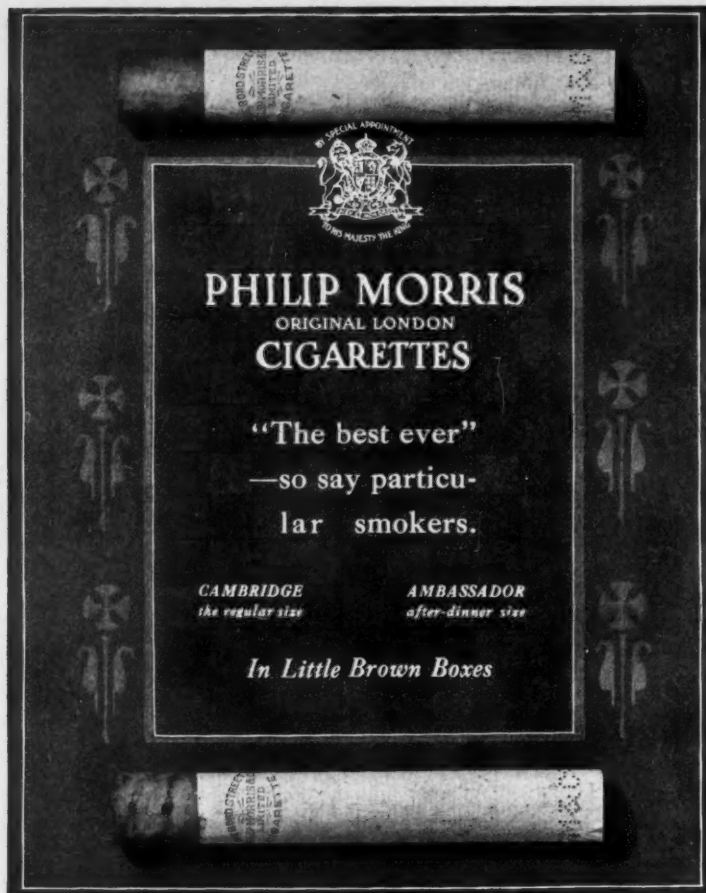
Business Established in 1877
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MERIDEN, CONN.
London

I am a brother to all; all are akin to me;
I work for all! why don't the rest hustle a bit?
I think of the comfortable living-room at home.
I fain would be reading the new divorce case
and waiting for dinner time to come along.
I make this chant for the voices of the chorus:
I am envious of the cinch possessed by father;
I sing the toil of everybody with his exception;
I would sit all day as he does in confident com-
fort;
I would smoke Sailor's Dream in a clay pipe,
also;
I, too, would gladden my feet before the fire—
I am a child of fire, even as ye all.
I am a brother of the fire, likewise;
I am alive with it, I rejoice in its upheavings
and its downswEEPINGS;

I see in it the terror and the rapture of the ages;
I have knowledge of the sayings of the crackle
of the sparks;
I sense the song of the hissing sap;
I learn of it, I live of it, I—but hold! To my
chant again:
I note that mother receives washing to do,
I observe that Ann does also—How old is she?
Guess again.
I sing that everybody except father works at
our house.
I wish that I, with pipe and slippers and the
8 p. m. extra that is handed in at 9 a. m.,
were the Old Man!
I sing it. I have said.

Saturday Evening Post.



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The most EXCLUSIVE MODELS in London. FANCY TAILOR
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How to Take Care of a Husband

The answer is don't—by all means *don't* take care of him.

No animal enjoys his freedom more than man, and when he reaches the stage of domesticity, where he can't put the buttons in his shirt, or select his ties, or pack his suit case, he reminds one of the family dog who has outlived his usefulness and ought to be dead—but none of the family have the nerve to chloroform him.

Did you ever see a man in your life whose wife waited on him hand and foot who wasn't crazy over some woman who let him fetch and carry for her, and wouldn't know whether the long button went in the back or front of his shirt?

There was once a man whose family handled him tenderly, for they feared a stroke of apoplexy if he even as much as laced his shoe.

This said man met a widow—whose slippers had a chronic habit of becoming untied.

Well did he tie them? He did—until his face was lobster hued and sighed that she hadn't the feet of a centipede.

A man doesn't want a *valet*—he wants a *wife*.

So have a care, sisters, it's better to omit than to commit.

Lucile H. Dole.

WHEN young wives who scorn motherhood are given the children they do not want, why do they expect their friends to hail the infant's birth with screams of rejoicing?

Since we know that Bess has been mad about it so long, why, for cramp's sake, have we got to kneel in homage, rise up in profusely ecstatic joy and shower it with love and gifts and blessings and protestations of beauty, intelligence and all the virtues that never existed before!

The writer has dared—just once—to welcome a dear friend's baby in the same spirit the mother had awaited its arrival. Alas! The wrath of parents is upon her, no infant's picture is she favored with, the honorary title of "Auntie" has been denied her, she may not hold the baby or listen to its prattle, because "Miss Jones doesn't like children, she wouldn't want a dear little girlie, like you."

How commendable to restrain oneself from saying, "Did you?"

Such is the pondering of an old maid who is not attempting to solve any problems except those pertaining to herself and the things so inconsistently expected of her.

How He Knew

"My wife took me to the orchestra concert last night, and I think they played Wagner."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, a big bunch of plaster fell from the ceiling into the middle aisle during the concert and a man who was sleeping near me woke up and said 'Wagner.'"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



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How often do you come home at night too dogged tired to even respond to the pleasant reception awaiting you? Life's struggle becomes more and more intense as the twentieth century progresses. Mentally and physically you must conserve your energies, build up your strength and equip yourself for the test. You must have sleep, good digestion, steady nerves, bone and muscle, clear mind. These can be secured, maintained and enhanced by the use of

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SPARKS FROM OLD ANVILS



We Must Not Look a Gift Horse in the Mouth

There are favors short of the pecuniary—a thing not fit to be hinted at among gentlemen—which confer as much grace upon the acceptor as the offerer. The kind, we confess, which is most to our palate, is of those little conciliatory missives, which for their vehicle generally choose a hamper—little odd presents of game, fruit, perhaps wine—though it is essential to the delicacy of the latter that it be homemade. We love to have our friend in the country sitting thus at our table by proxy; to apprehend his presence (though a hundred miles may be between us) by a turkey, whose goodly aspect reflects to us his "plump corpusculum"; to taste him in grouse or woodcock; to feel him gliding down in the toast peculiar to the latter; to incorporate him in a slice of Canterbury brown. This is indeed to have him within ourselves, to know him intimately; such participation is methinks unitive, as the old theologians phrase it.—Charles Lamb, "Last Essays of Elia." Popular Fallacies.

Physicians

The physician is, primarily, the product of a demand. He stands for that part of the human economy that feels the need of a prop. You encourage him to overreach himself, often, by expecting to separate cause from effect, and relieve ills in an hour that took a lifetime or longer in the making. Left to his own judgment the doctor would not drug you; but you have forced him to educate himself in those subtle devices that eventually mislead you, and often himself as well, by appearances that stimulate natural processes. He dwells upon drugs, sickness and death

through his whole life; and in a measure, his observation of all things and conditions is through the eyes of his own particular calling. Hurry and ambition stimulate the commercial features of his relation to you; and if he has the expected professional spirit, he will act according

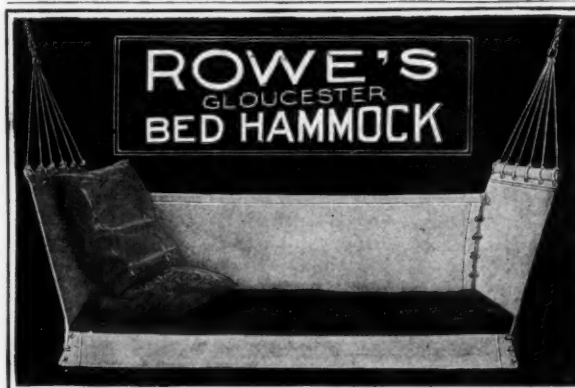
to the popular medical opinions of the day. All of which latter you cannot gainsay; and the issue, which is of personal and vital interest to you, becomes one of drugs and routine. If a physician can practice medicine successfully and not juggle policy and principle, he has accomplished a feat seldom attainable. In fact, I doubt if it is ever done, continuously.—Dr. A. L. Mitchell, from "A Physician's Farewell to His Patients."

"You must know that I have had in my family, by the father's side, two of the rarest tasters that were ever known in La Mancha; and I will give you proof of their skill. A certain hogshead was given to each of them to taste, and their opinion asked as to the condition, quality, goodness, or badness, of the wine. One tried it with the tip of his tongue; the other only put it to his nose. The first said the wine savored of iron; the second said it had rather a twang of goat's leather. The owner protested that the vessel was clean, and the wine neat, so that it could not taste either of iron or leather. Notwithstanding this, the two famous tasters stood positively to what they had said. Time went on; the wine was sold off, and, on cleaning the cask, a small key, hanging to a leather thong, was found at the bottom."—"Don Quixote," Cervantes.

(This is the grandparent of the modern story of the Kentucky Colonels' skill, wherein a tack with a leather washer justifies each.)



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G. K. Chesterton on Caricature

The essential qualities of true caricature are capable of some rough summary. First (if it is to be hearty and heroic caricature), it must be attacking something powerful. If it is attacking something powerful, then almost all brutalities of method are excusable, because they are redressing a balance. If a man sets up to be more than human, you may remind him that he is human, even if you remind him that he was seaisick. It is infamous to point at a deformed peddler as a humpback, because you are laying another burden on a back already bowed. But it is not infamous to point at Richard III. at his coronation as a humpback, because his physical infirmity is analogous to those moral infirmities which make such despotism a danger. That a king may easily be a weakling is not an attack on weaklings, but an attack on kings. It is bad taste to call a harmless old applewoman fat; but it is not bad taste to call George IV. fat, because a whole false picture of politics and life is founded on the idea that he is dignified, elegant and alert. Thus it is also even with the outrageous caricatures of Gillray and others against Napoleon—the pictures which represented Napoleon as a monkey, a pygmy, a mere microbe to be looked at through a microscope. They were spiteful, they were frantic, they were false, but they were great caricatures; they had the soul of satire, because they sought to put down the mighty from his seat. These men drew Napoleon small because they knew that he was great. They sought to make him smart with pictures of defeat, because they had themselves smarted at the sight of his victories.

The second principle which is essential to caricature is that it should appeal to a plain moral standard. Satire has grown weak precisely because belief has grown weak. Our caricatures have grown tame in proportion as our speculations have grown wild. And this is evident and rational. How can I effectively hold up to ridicule some vice which a cleverer man may be holding up to adoration? How can I caricature some dirty philosopher who is always ready to caricature himself? This is the second great reason why we cannot draw such caricatures as we drew in the eighteenth century against George IV. or Napoleon. If we denounced the infidelities of George, we should find that half the "advanced" people were praising infidelity. If we reproached Napoleon with his bloody laurels, we should find that bloody laurels were quite correct wear in the opinion of every clerk who had read Nietzsche. Satire involves revolt; but revolt involves a fixed ideal. It is only those who are in possession who can afford to be sceptics. And they generally have been sceptics. People talk, for instance, of Mr. Balfour as an exception; but nearly all Tory leaders have been like Mr. Balfour. Behind Balfour one sees the sneering Salisbury, behind him the sneering Disraeli, and so by almost unbroken succession back to all the kings that have felt themselves free from God. It is only the rebel who needs to be a dogmatist.

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The ruler has always had the wisdom to see that his strongest asset was the open mind. Age after age the same divine humanity has stood bound in the same hall of judgment. But the judge in his high chair of judgment has seldom been so silly as merely to say to the prisoner "You lie." He has always said, "What is truth?" One can see Mr. Balfour leaning forward and saying it.—*The Spectator.*

It is unlucky to be kicked on the head by a chestnut horse on a Friday. When picking up a lucky horseshoe take care not to be run over. It is better to go without the horseshoe.

It is unlucky to be the thirteenth guest at a dinner table which is laid for twelve only. The proper course is to wait for an invitation.

If a Scotchman offers to pay for your dinner and for stalls at the theatre you may consider yourself in luck.

It is unlucky when traveling by rail to be alone in the carriage with a homicidal maniac.

If, at dinner, you upset the claret three times it is a sign that you will not be asked again.

If, on your wedding day, the clergyman forgets to ask you for his fee you may consider yourself very lucky indeed.—*Punch.*

Illusioned

"It doesn't seem to have done Crabbe any good to join church. He appears to be grouzier than ever since he got religion."

"I don't believe he's got it at all. I'll bet what he takes for religion is merely dyspepsia." —*The Catholic Standard and Times.*

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The Lost Message

An Afrikaner Folk Tale

The Ant, from time immemorial, has had many enemies, and, because he is small and destructive, slaughter has been rife in his family circle. Not only were most of the birds antagonistic, but Anteater lived almost entirely at their expense, and Centipede beset them at all times and places.

At length, a few among them thought it would be well to hold council together and endeavor to come to some arrangement whereby they could retreat to some place of safety when attacked. But at the gathering opinions differed so much that they could come to no decision.


The Red-ant, Rice-ant, Black-ant, Wagtail-ant, Gray-ant, Shining-ant, and many other prominent families were represented, but the discussion proved a Babel of diversity, which continued for a long time and came to nothing.

Some suggested that they should all go into a small hole in the ground, and live there; another faction wanted to build a large and strong dwelling that none but ants could enter; a third party wanted to dwell in trees, so as to avoid Anteater, forgetting entirely that there they would be the prey of birds; while certain of them wanted to have wings and fly.

The deliberation, as has already been said, amounted to nothing; so each party resolved to go to work in its own way and on its own responsibility.

Greater unity than that which existed in each separate faction it would be difficult to imagine;

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Those inside can see out through them but outsiders cannot see in. They give seclusion and privacy, permitting the free use of the porch as an outdoor room. They keep out the sun and glare but let in the breeze and sufficient light for reading, sewing or games.

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each had his appointed task and each did his work regularly and well. Some of the communities appointed kings and in other ways perfected their organization, but, while each group worked in its own way, not one of them thought of protection against the onslaughts of their enemies.

The Red-ants built their house on the ground and lived in it, but Anteater leveled in a minute what had cost them many days of precious labor to erect. The Rice-ants went under the ground, and with them it was no better; for Anteater's claws were long and he delighted in digging. The Wagtail-ants fled to the trees, but only to

find that Centipede and the Birds were always around and hungry. The Gray-ants, who intended to save themselves by taking to flight, also encountered failure, because the Lizard, the Hunting-Spider and the Birds were a great deal faster than they.

When the Insect-King heard about their troubles he sent them the message of Work-together with the secret of Unity; but he unfortunately chose the Beetle for his messenger, who has never yet arrived, so that the ants are still, to this day, the embodiment of discord and consequently the prey of enemies.—James A. Honeij, in the Bellman.

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Paul Pry at the Border

It was on a railway car the other day. It had just crossed the bridge into United States territory. A lady passenger saw a man coming down the aisle, stopping to address a few words in a low voice to every passenger. Her curiosity was naturally aroused. When he came to her the mystery was revealed. He asked her:

"Are you a Canadian or American?"

"A Canadian."

"Are you coming to reside in the United States?"

The thought was so unwelcome that she replied, with a touch of indignation and in a louder tone: "Indeed I'm not."

The reply amused those within hearing, and the officer with some show of embarrassment retreated to the door. He had not quite got there when it opened and a breezy individual came in. The officer stopped him and put the usual queries in his subdued voice, but the answers were painfully well heard, and this was the last: "Not on your life."

Coming so soon after the lady's protesting reply half the car smiled audibly. The officer spluttered out something to the effect that the United States did not want people like him anyway, and retired precipitately.

We cannot throw stones, the thing is done on both sides, but we can at least say: You began it. It is part of the trunk searching, prying business that goes on continually along the borders of these two great modern nations, and it is utterly unworthy of both. It seems chiefly to be carried on in order to provide somebody with a job that does not involve much exertion. How much smuggling does the trunk searching lay bare? Practically none at all. But it may be said that there would be more were it not for the instant fear of searching. If systematic smuggling were going on it would soon be discovered, and the trifling incidental smuggling of travelers need not worry a country with a billion and a quarter of imports. The whole thing is too petty to be fattered by a great nation.

Mr. Knox, the new Secretary of State, should look into this whole question and decide whether it is to be continued on behalf of two self-respecting nations. The people of this continent should be able to flow back and forth across the boundary line as freely as the inhabitants of two adjoining States cross and recross their State lines. —*Toronto Globe.*

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary every-day sources.

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Trees grow on mountain-sides, in remote country districts, and in some residential quarters. They furnish shade, Presidential timber, and, when sliced thin, delicious breakfast foods.

Trees are useful for cutting down, and furnish occupation for the otherwise unemployed. In the form of railroad ties, they furnish a basis for bond issues and for stock market panics.

Trees may be oak, beech, chestnut, or elm, but they are always popular. They make excellent fire, especially when made into some novels.

Trees are brown and green, but when made into paper are generally yellow. This is when they bark loudest.

Trees were at one time used for hanging purposes. Now we use Investigating Committees, thus showing the advance of civilization.

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Americans consider themselves superior to all trees. That is why they cut them so.—*Lippincott's.*

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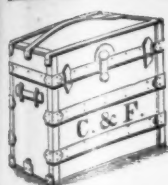
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His Finish

"Give woman the credit she deserves," the suffragette cried, "and where would man be?"
"If she got all the credit she wanted, he'd be in the poorhouse," sneered a coarse person in the rear of the hall.—*Stray Stories*.

An Impending Calamity

MISS SMITH: You must remember that children have their uses, if only to perpetuate your name. Now, when I die, I'm afraid the name of Smith will die with me.—*The Sketch*.

Nothing to Him

JOHNNY: The camel can go eight days without water.

FREDDY: So could I if ma would let me.—*Harper's Bazar*.

"I HAVE three husbands to support," pleaded the ragged beggar woman.

"What—you are a bigamist?"

"No, sir. One husband's mine, and the others belong to my two daughters."—*Cleveland Leader*.

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All soda crackers are food. But there is only *one* soda cracker highest in food value as well as best in freshness. Of course, *that* soda cracker is

Uneeda Biscuit 5¢

MOTHER: Samuel, where are those green apples that I left in the pantry?

SAMUEL: They're with the Jamaica ginger that was in the medicine chest.—*Lippincott's*.

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Woman and the Ballot

Few things can appear more curious to a dispassionate observer than the foam of discontent seething up amongst women at the present day. Any discontent, if it be strong enough, will produce revolution; but a not uncommon result of revolution is a recoil into a more despotic absolutism than any that existed before the rebellion. It is possible that such a result will follow on the present revolt of womankind; meantime, coupled with another equally prominent feature of their sex in the present time, it is certainly one of the most curious of our social phenomena. We have studied it as such with some degree of attention, and we have come to the conclusion that, despite the prominence of its school, it is not altogether so original as it believes, and it does not very clearly know what it actually aims at and requires.

"Equality with men," we are answered. But this is exceedingly difficult to define. Of course it is perfectly easy to pass jests upon, and concoct witticisms out of, such a subject; they suggest themselves by the million. The harder effort is to avoid the attractively and facetiously ludicrous side of the subject and write upon it seriously. All jests apart, it is something difficult to define—this equality with men that is the female cry of the hour. If equality in privileges be taken, equality in liabilities must be enforced also. Are women to go to this extreme?—to become soldiers if they become surgeons; to become sailors if they become statesmen? We doubt if they are prepared to reach this length; but unless they are, the desire for "equality with men" is only another phase of the desire for every privilege and the exemption from every penalty.

We can thoroughly sympathize with the impatience of a clever woman at seeing herself excluded from an arena of public life in which some masculine fools and many masculine mediocrities succeed. We are fully prepared to admit

that here and there may arise a woman of such brilliant abilities that she would be fully capable of governing an empire or manœuvring an army. But such women come once in five centuries; and this question is not of exceptional, but of all, women. The equality demanded is not for the few, but for the many. It is of the admission of the many to its rights and exercises that we have to treat; not of the admission of the two or three great women who may adorn a century, and who, be it noted, generally contrive to do well for themselves and rarely are participants in the cry of which we have heard so much in late years. Where real genius appears it levels sex; but this is at all times rare, in women rarest, and it is of the vast mass of "the general" that we speak. Maria Theresa, Catherine, Manon, Roland, Hypatia, Corinna, Sappho, will always make their own mark on the world's history; but the plea now raised is for the admission of all women—on the simple score of womanhood—to the possession of the paths and thrones of men.—From a posthumous paper by Ouida in Lippincott's.

Striking While the Iron Is Hot

Little Ralph, an only child of four, had been permitted to stay up one evening when his parents had company. At the table he made a quaint remark, at which all the guests laughed. He instantly saw that he had made a hit, and with commendable enterprise sought to follow it up.

"Dad," he shouted, "what was that other smart thing I said yesterday?"—Woman's Home Companion.

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Artists who make a business of Home Decoration and Furnishing submit such plates only when a lavish outlay is contemplated. These notable examples show what can be done with limited means through the exercise of care and good taste.

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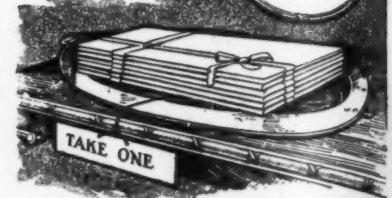
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Her Sad Mistake

The clubwoman closed her book on "Domestic Responsibility," and, with a tinge of remorse, went out on the lawn, where her children were at play.

"Mary," she informed her children's nurse, "I've neglected my young ones for the clubs too much these last few years, and I'm going to try and make amends. Now, this afternoon I intend to dress one of them with my own hands and take it for an outing in the park."

It was quite late that afternoon when the reformed clubwoman, after pushing a go-cart containing the youngster she had selected and prepared for its outing about the spacious public park for several hours, started toward home. She had hardly come within sight of it when the nurse rushed up, palpably agitated.

"Oh, mum—"

"The child's all right, Mary," the mother announced, by way of assurance. "I humored it all the afternoon with sweets and fruit."

"But, mum," cried the nurse, endeavoring to regain her breath, "Mrs. Smith next door's been scared into a fit, the perlice has been notified and—or, Lord, mum!"

"Don't act so, Mary! Why should you get so excited over that hysterical Mrs. Smith?"

"You've gone and took her child, mum!"—*Tit-Bits.*

Well-Stocked

Last summer a typical down-easter furnished a New York author, who had a cottage in a Maine village, with farm produce.

One day when the man called with a wagon-load of vegetables, the author, wishing to make himself agreeable, asked how much stock he kept on his farm.

"Five cows an' a bull," enumerated the farmer, "nd two yokes of oxen, a calf, a hoss, an' three shares of Maine Central."—*Youth's Companion.*



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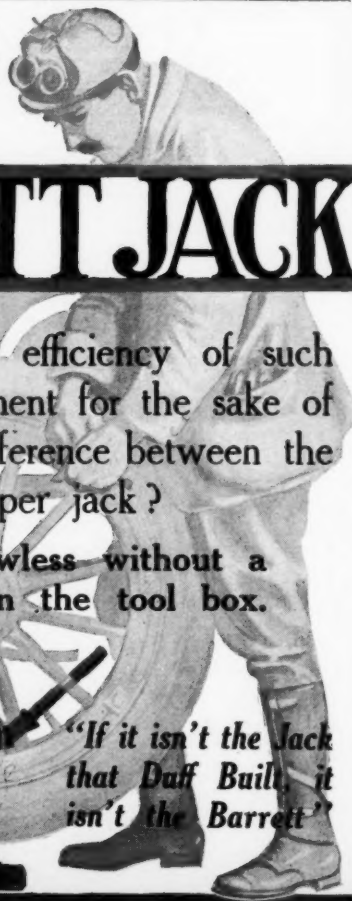
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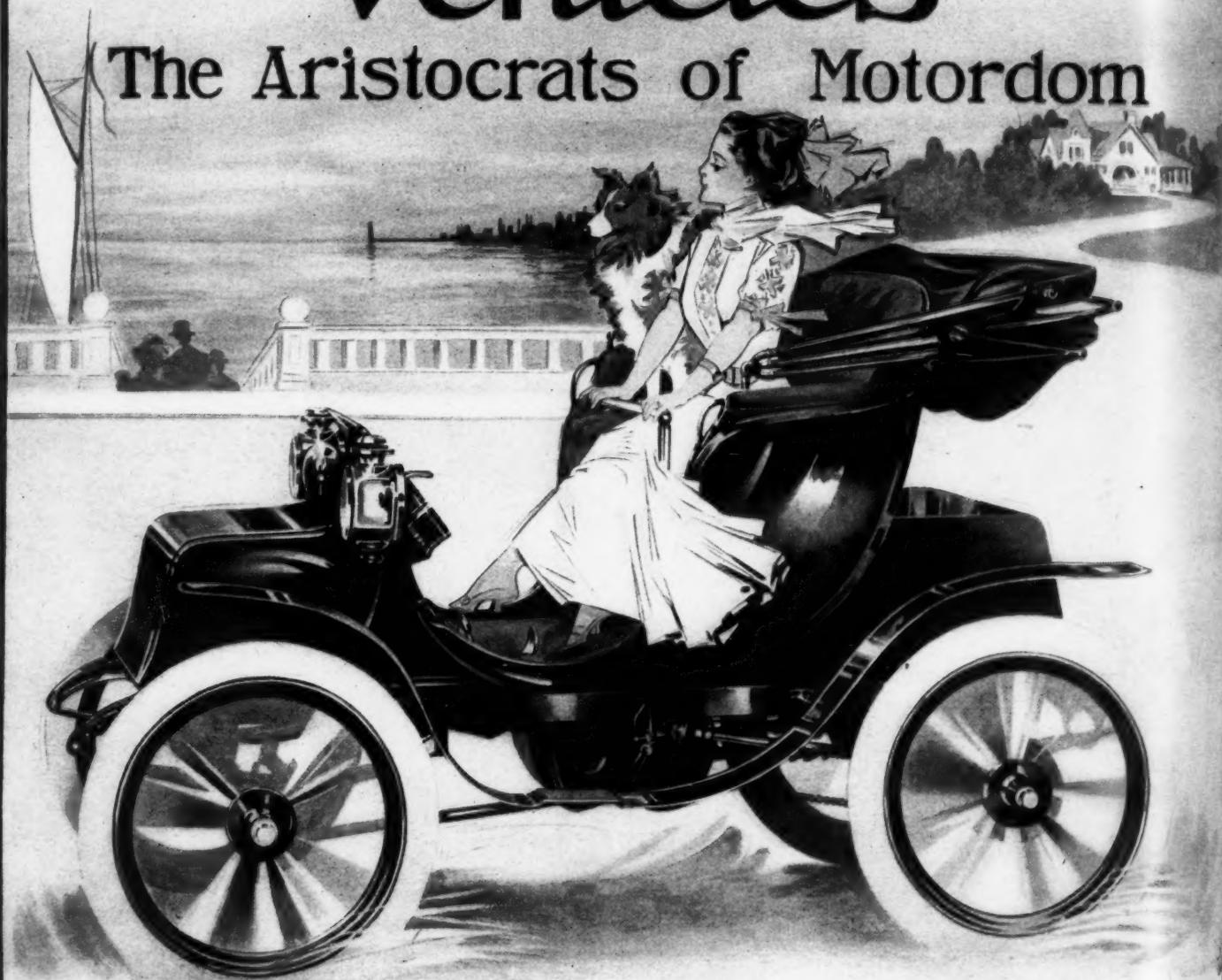


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